Sports Illustrated
MAY 12, 1980 $1.25

THE LADY IS A CHAMP



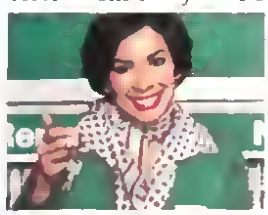
19
724454

OUR TEAM ALWAYS DOES WELL ON THE ROAD.



At National Car Rental, our Big Green Team is over 12,000 strong.

Our reservationists handled over 3,500,000 reservations last year. For our more than 2,000 worldwide locations.



To get this big in car rentals, you have to be good. Every time out.

That's why our reservationists are trained to handle your reservation quickly, accurately and efficiently.

Why our service agents in the U.S. actually sign their names to our 13-point Maintenance Check-List and hang it in your car before you rent it.

And with Green Lite™ Service, our counter representatives have your rental agreement filled out and waiting for your arrival and we also offer S&H Green Stamp Certificates on rentals in all 50 U.S. states.



We feature GM cars like this Oldsmobile Cutlass

The Big Green Team goes out of its way, in lots of ways, to make your road trip go as smoothly as possible. Every time out.

For reservations, see your travel consultant or call, toll-free, 800-328-4567. (In Minnesota call 800-862-6064. In Alaska and Hawaii call 800-328-6321. In Canada call collect 612-830-2345.)

National Car Rental

THE BIG GREEN TEAM.™

© 1980, National Car Rental System, Inc. In Canada it's Tilden. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East it's Europcar

Carlton is lowest.





Carlton Box—
lowest of all
brands.
Less than
0.06 mg. tar.
0.01 mg. nic.

Carlton 100's
Box—
lowest of all
100's.
1 mg. tar.
0.1 mg. nic.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.06 mg. "tar", 0.01 mg. nicotine, 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, 100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Cleanliness may be next to godliness. But in some Dutch harbors, it was next to impossible.



The well known feeling of the Dutch for cleanliness didn't stop at the water's edge.

And what they saw in some of their harbors was disconcerting, to say the least.

Every time that a ship pumped water out of its bilge, there was a good chance waste oil would be pumped out with it.

The result was a worrisome oil slick—a slick spreading over many of the world's harbors these days.

(Indeed, back in 1973 an international maritime ruling called on ships everywhere to monitor their oil waste, to avoid worries like these.)

What to do? Some of the people of ITT came up with an ingenious answer—an optical fiber device that carefully "watches" a ship's bilge water.

A laser beam scans the bilge waste being pumped out. And if the oil levels are too high, an alarm goes off.

So, the pumping can be stopped.

Our ITT device was the first anywhere to be government certified, meeting the required performance standards for this urgent monitoring task.

Obviously, no one expects to unpollute the world's harbors overnight.

But the least we can do is give it a good, clean try.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

© 1980 International Te[illegible]

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898–1967
Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R. Shepley
Editorial Director: Ralph Graves
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylor
Vice Chairman: Arthur Temple

Managing Editor: Gilbert Rogin
Executive Editor: Jeremiah Tax
Assistant Managing Editors: Kenneth Rudeen, Peter Carry
Art Director: Richard Gangel
Assistant to the Managing Editor: Merv n D. Hyman
Articles Editor: Robert W. Creamer

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Arthur L. Brawley, Bob Brown, Larry F. Keith, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Barbara La Fontaine, Julia Lamb, Scot Leavitt, Mark Mulvoy, Sandy Padwe

Senior Writers: Robert H. Boyle, Frank Deford, Ron Fimrite, Dan Jenkins, William Oscar Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Ray Kennedy, Curry Kirkpatrick, William Leggett, Kenny Moore, Bob Ottum, Coles Phinizy, John Underwood

Associate Writers: Clive Gammon, Joe Jares, Douglas S. Looney, Barry McDermott, Sarah Pileggi, Pat Putnam, Paul Zimmerman

Associate Editors: Julie Campbell, Gay Flood, Linda R. Verrigan, M. B. Werner

Staff Writers: Dan Levin, Joe Marshall, Sam Moses, William Nack, Bruce Newman, John Papanek, J. D. Read, Ron Reid, E. M. Swift, Herman Weiskopf

Picture Editor: John Dominis

Production Manager: Gene W. Ulrich

Chief of Research: Christiana Walford

Photography: Don Delliquanti (ASSISTANT), Anthony Donna, Steven Fine, Kevin Fitzgerald, Laurel Frankel, Barbara Henckel, Steve Ross, Theodore Stephney, Robert W. Taylor

Staff Photographers: Jerry Cooke, John Iacono, Walter Iooss Jr., Heinz Kluetmeier, Manny Millan, Lane Stewart, Tony Triolo

Writer-Reporters: Kathy Blumenstock, Michael DelNegro, Jim Kaplan, D. Alexandre Stathoplos, Anita Verschoth, Steven Wulf

Senior Reporters: Rose Mary Mechem, Paula Phelps, Denise Rogers, Constance Tubbs

Reporters: Linda-Ann Marsch (DEPUTY), Wilmer Ames, Kathleen Andrus, Jane E. Bachman, Brooks Clark, Bill Colson, Roger Jackson, Roy S. Johnson, Craig Neff, Angel Reyes, Robert Sullivan

Art Department: Harvey Grut (ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR), Richard Warner (ASSISTANT DIRECTOR), Joseph T. Kalman, T. Thurston Martin, Linda Schwarz, Catherine Smolich

Copy Desk: Betty DeMeester (CHIEF), Iris Hermen (DEPUTY), Lawrence Cannistraci, Edward B. Clarke, Madeleine Edmondson, Barbara W. Murrey, Catherine Ogilvie, Sylvia Staub, Robert H. Williams

Production: George Infante (ASSISTANT MANAGER), Richard Colan, Pieter C. Muuse, Kenneth Tomten

Special Contributors: TEXT: Bil Gilbert, Richard W. Johnston, Virginia Kraft, Jack McCallum, Jack Nicklaus, George Plimpton, Rick Telander, Jonathan Yardley; PHOTOGRAPHY: Rich Clarkson, William Eppridge, Stephen Green-Armytage, Richard Mackson, Peter Read Miller, Herb Scharfman, Eric Schweikardt, John G. Zimmerman

Special Correspondents: Eleanore Milosovic (CHIEF), *Anchorage* Tim Jones, *Atlanta* Norman Arey, *Austin* Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore* Joe D'Adamo, *Baton Rouge* Dan Hardesty, *Birmingham* Jimmy Bryan, *Boston* Leo Monahan, *Buffalo* Dick Johnston, *Carson City* Guy Shipler Jr., *Charlotte* Ronald Green, *Chicago* Ray Sons, *Cincinnati* Jim Schottelkotte, *Cleveland* Charles Heaton, *Columbus* Kaye Kessler, *Dallas* Steve Perkins, *Denver* Frank Hallaway, *Des Moines* Bob Asbille, *Detroit* Jerry Green, *Greensboro* Smith Barrier, *Harrisburg* John Travers, *Honolulu* Jim Richardson, *Houston* Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis* Dick Denny, *Jacksonville* Bill Kastelz, *Kansas City* Theodore D. Leary, *Knoxville* Ben Byrd, *Lexington* Ed Ashford, *Little Rock* Orville Henry, *London* Lavinia Scott Elliot, *Los Angeles* Jack Tobin, *Louisville* William F. Reed, *Memphis* Norman McCoy, *Miami* Bill Brubaker, *Milwaukee* Bob Wolf, *Minneapolis* Dick Gordon, *Montreal* George Hanson, *Nashville* Max York, *New Haven* Bill Guthrie, *New Orleans* Peter Finney, *Oklahoma City* Harold Soles, *Omaha* Hollis Limprecht, *Philadelphia* Gordon Forbes, *Phoenix* Frank Gianelli, *Pittsburgh* Pat Livingston, *Portland* Ken Wheeler, *Providence* John Hanlon, *Roanoke* Bill Brill, *Salt Lake City* George Ferguson, *San Antonio* Ray Evans, *San Diego* Jack Murphy, *San Francisco* Art Rosenbaum, *San Juan* Fred Rehm, *Seattle* Emmett Watson, *South Bend* Joe Doyle, *Spartanburg* Leslie Timms, *St. Louis* Neal Russo, *Syracuse* Bud Vander Veer, *Tallahassee* Bill McGrotha, *Tampa* Tom McEwen, *Toronto* Rex MacLeod, *Vancouver* Eric Whitehead, *Waco* Dave Campbell, *Washington* Martie Zoll

Time-Life News Service: Richard L. Duncan (CHIEF)

Editorial Services: Norman Arey (DIRECTOR), George Karas, Benjamin Lightman, Carolyn R. Pappas, Elizabeth G. Young

Copy Processing: Michael E. Keene (MANAGER), George J. Austen (DEPUTY)

Publisher: Kelso F. Sutton
Associate Publisher: Donald J. Barr
Advertising Sales Director: Philip G. Howlett
Advertising Sales Manager: James B. Hayes
Business Manager: Robert L. Miller
Circulation Director: Robert D. McCoach
Promotion Director: Harry C. Rubicam
Special Events Director: Keith Morris
Enterprises: Thomas C. Ettinger

CONTENTS

MAY 12, 1980 *Volume 52, No. 20*

Cover photograph by Jerry Cooke

Showing Up the Guys at the Downs 14

Genuine Risk became the first filly to win the Kentucky Derby in 65 years and only the second in the race's history **by William Nack**

Fresh Paint for Dodger Blue 20

Los Angeles is sparkling, and much of the credit goes to a crop of rookies who won't be given the brush **by Steve Wulf**

Road Show with an All-Star Cast 22

In the 15-kilometer Midland Run in lush New Jersey horse country, Herb Lindsay outran the finest road-racing field ever **by Joe Marshall**

A Tight End Who Hangs Real Loose 28

For Russ Francis of the New England Patriots, life is one continuous luau and the past is what you leave behind **by E.M. Swift**

The Day Pelé Split His Pants 34

Who bagged the Black Pearl? Frisked Germany of Franz? And now is riding out a Blizzard? Why, Clive Toye, of course **by Clive Gammon**

That Muskie Madness 62

The muskellunge is ugly, ferocious and preposterously hard to catch, as the author learned during 38 Wisconsin summers **by William Oscar Johnson**

The Departments

Scorecard	9	Hockey	52	19th Hole	82
TV Radio	45	Tennis	57		
Baseball	46	For the Record	81	*Credits on page 81*	

Next Week

STUDENT-ATHLETES, THE SHAM AND THE SHAME. After months of revelations of transcript scandals and other academic transgressions at NCAA schools, one can no longer buy the old line that each such case is an "isolated instance." Big-time college sports are making a mockery of higher education and victims of so-called student-athletes. After 14 months of studying this tragic situation, John Underwood defines education's shortcomings and proposes solutions in a special report.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038 822X) is published weekly, except semi-weekly during the second full week in March, also two issues combined at year end, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Ct., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Ctr., N.Y., N.Y. 10020. J. R. Shepley, President; J. Winston Fowlkes, Treasurer; C. B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. subscription $30.00 a year. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, TIME/LIFE Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

© 1980 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED.
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED IS A REGISTERED MARK OF TIME INCORPORATED.



LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Herm Weiskopf is the kind of man of whom, when something good happens to him, people say, "Couldn't happen to a nicer guy." They're right, too. Something good has been happening lately to Weiskopf, and we'd like to tell you about it.

Weiskopf is a gentle, taciturn, modest sort and, for that reason, not too easy to get to know. He's been with us for 22 years and has written features on a wide variety of subjects, but mostly he does the weekly roundups that we run on baseball, college basketball and college football—a task requiring specialized journalistic skills at which Weiskopf, we believe, has few peers.

The job obliges him to work late into Sunday night and, often, well into the wee hours of Monday, when we close many of the magazine's pages. Rather than drive or take the bus to Lahaska, Pa., where he and his family live—a trip of two-plus hours—Weiskopf stays at a hotel in the city, so he can easily get back to the office at 10 a.m. on Monday. For many years now, his favorite hotel has been the Royalton, on 44th Street in Manhattan.

The Royalton is an aging (built at the turn of the century) establishment with a personality that matches Weiskopf's—unassuming, decorous, tidy. The interior runs to nooks and crannies and odd-shaped rooms, and the front floor is locked at midnight; a guest must identify himself before he is allowed in by the night clerk. That worthy is 74-year-old Gordon Hope, who lives in a tiny one-room apartment on the top floor, from which he can step out onto the roof and take the sun on pleasant days. Gordon also takes a drink; indeed, he believes that Irish coffee will cure most, if not all, of man's ills.

Over the years, slowly, as befits these two men, Weiskopf and Hope have gotten to know something of each other. Weiskopf knows that Hope's father was vice-president of the Jersey Central Railroad and that Hope lost about $500,000 in the crash of '29. Hope knows that Weiskopf works very late on Sunday nights and often, too tired to seek out a restaurant that's still open, goes straight to the Royalton and to bed—hungry.

One Sunday night a few months ago when Weiskopf checked in, Hope ushered him up to his top-floor apartment—for a superb late dinner of chilled lobster. A friend of Hope's had dropped by the Royalton that afternoon with a sack of lobsters. Hope had prepared them, eaten some and saved the rest for Weiskopf.



WEISKOPF (TOP) AND HOPE HIT THE ROOF

Since then Hope frequently has tossed Weiskopf the apartment key when he has checked in and sent him up for a satisfying meal after a long day's—and night's—work at the typewriter. Anyone whose occupation condemns him to similar lonely, bleary-eyed 4-a.m. bedtimes will appreciate the pleasure in this. Twice Weiskopf has savored Hope's filet mignon and several times a concoction of beef with every vegetable known to man, including okra, which Weiskopf calls Hopeless Stew. And while Hope was in Florida recently, on a brief vacation, Weiskopf stayed in the top-floor apartment on Sunday nights. At no charge, of course.

Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Peter F. Sutton

Check it out! We've got 'em all!

Sports Illustrated Superstar Posters

Yes! Send me the posters I've checked below at $3 each — or money-saving 3 for $8.50 (and only $2.50 for each additional poster), plus $1 per order for postage and handling.

☐4505 Jim Palmer



☐4523 Johnny Bench



☐4401 Julius Erving



Buy 3 or more and save!

Order 2 at $3 each and get additional posters for only $2.50 each — 16% savings.

☐4432 Dennis Johnson
☐4433 Larry Bird

FOOTBALL
☐4202 NFL Superstars
☐4244 Phil Simms
☐4245 Otis Anderson
☐4246 Randy Gradishar
☐4247 John Jefferson
☐4248 Wallace Francis
☐4249 Delvin Williams
☐4250 Robert Brazile
☐4252 Roland Harper
☐4253 Ken Burrough
☐4254 Cliff Harris
☐4255 Archie Manning
☐4257 Gary Danielson
☐4258 Joe Theismann
☐4259 Jack Ham
☐4260 Dan Pastorini
☐4261 Tony Galbreath
☐4262 Charlie Waters
☐4263 Randy White
☐4264 Jack Lambert
☐4265 Lee Roy Selmon
☐4266 Reggie McKenzie
☐4267 Jim Zorn
☐4268 Steve Bartkowski
☐4270 Ron Jaworski
☐4271 Wesley Walker
☐4273 Craig Morton
☐4275 Dan Dierdorf
☐4276 Jim Hart
☐4278 Harvey Martin
☐4279 Ray Guy
☐4280 Pat Haden
☐4282 Ken Stabler
☐4284 Chuck Foreman
☐4285 Walter Peyton
☐4287 Bob Griese
☐4291 Ken Anderson
☐4292 Greg Pruitt
☐4293 Otis Armstrong
☐4294 Lawrence McCutcheon
☐4296 Steve Grogan
☐4297 Bert Jones
☐4298 Dave Casper

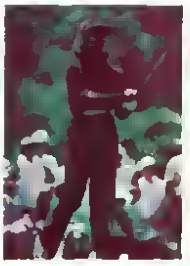
SKIING
☐4301 Ski Touring
☐4302 Powder Skiing
☐4303 Free Style Skiing
☐4304 Sunset Skiing
☐5201 Cindy Nelson
☐5205 Bill Koch
☐5207 Walter Malmquist
☐5209 Steve Mahre
☐5210 Cary Adgate

HOCKEY
☐7201 Rob Ramage
☐7202 Rene Robert
☐7204 Dave Maloney

☐4281 Tony Dorsett



☐4604 Nancy Lopez



☐7203 Phil Esposito



☐4507 Reggie Jackson



☐4526 Jim Rice

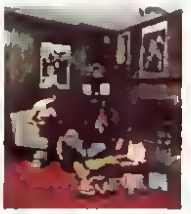


☐4411 David Thompson



☐4283 Roger Staubach





Get our FREE catalog.

With every poster order, the latest catalog of Sports Illustrated posters, action games and training books.

GOLF
☐4601 Hale Irwin
☐4602 Laura Baugh
☐4603 Jan Stephenson

SOCCER
☐5100 Giorgio Chinaglia
☐5102 Kyle Rote Jr

TENNIS
☐4100 Jimmy Connors
☐4102 Ilie Nastase
☐4106 Evonne Goolagong
☐4108 Rosie Casals
☐4110 Vitas Gerulaitis
☐4111 Billie Jean King
☐4112 Guillermo Vilas
☐4113 Virginia Wade
☐4114 John McEnroe
☐4115 Martina Navratilova

WATER SKIING
☐4903 Wayne Grimditch
☐4905 Pam Folsom

OTHER SUBJECTS
☐4801 Sailing
☐4902 Hang Gliding
☐4904 Girl Jogging
☐4906 Snowmobiling
☐4907 Mountain Climbing
☐6100 Motorcycling
☐9908 Peggy Fleming

☐5208 Phil Mahre



☐4509 Steve Garvey



A big 2 x 3 feet.

Superstar action captured in magnificent color by the great sports photographers

BASEBALL
☐4500 Baseball Superstars
☐4501 Rod Carew
☐4502 Willie Randolph
☐4503 Rick Burleson
☐4504 Nolan Ryan
☐4506 Steve Carlton
☐4508 Ted Simmons
☐4510 Mike Schmidt
☐4511 Gary Templeton
☐4512 George Foster
☐4513 Greg Luzinski
☐4515 Jeff Burroughs
☐4517 Bruce Sutter
☐4518 Eddie Murray
☐4519 Frank Tanana
☐4520 Joe Morgan
☐4521 George Brett
☐4524 Gary Maddox
☐4525 Graig Nettles
☐4527 Bill Buckner
☐4531 Jack Clark

BASKETBALL
☐4402 Bill Walton
☐4404 Doug Collins
☐4406 Pete Maravich
☐4407 Dave Cowens
☐4408 Artis Gilmore
☐4409 Moses Malone
☐4410 Alvan Adams
☐4412 Bob Lanier
☐4415 Austin Carr
☐4417 Elvin Hayes
☐4418 Jamaal Wilkes
☐4419 Calvin Murphy
☐4420 George Gervin
☐4422 Superstar Montage
☐4423 Maurice Lucas
☐4424 Mervin Webster
☐4425 Marques Johnson
☐4427 Mychal Thompson
☐4428 Phil Ford
☐4429 Paul Westphal
☐4430 John Drew
☐4431 Jack Sikma

4434 Magic Johnson



☐4286 Franco Harris



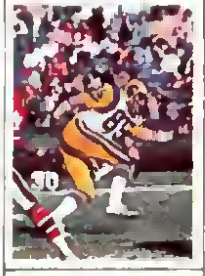
☐4101 Bjorn Borg



☐4514 Dave Parker



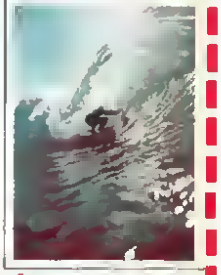
☐4295 Jack Youngblood



☐4299 Terry Bradshaw



☐4901 Surfing



☐4516 Tom Seaver



☐4269 Dan Fouts



☐4277 Earl Campbell



Fill out and mail today. St0S12

I enclose $_____ for ____ posters plus $1 for postage and handling
(Missouri Residents add 4.5% sales tax) ☐ Check or ☐ Money order

Charge my
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge ☐ BankAmericard

Account No _____ Exp date _____

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Sorry, no Canadian or foreign orders can be accepted.)

MAIL ENTIRE PAGE TO: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED • c/o Marketcom, Lockbox 2257 • Hampton Bank, 4301 Hampton Ave. • St. Louis, MO 63109

FLORSHEIM
CAN YOU REALLY AFFORD ANYTHING LESS



The men who go first class in life go first class all the way. In everything they buy as well as in everything they do. That's why men who want to look and feel their very best insist on Florsheim shoes.

At Florsheim, we have the same high standards. From material selection to workmanship to styling, we insist on the very best. This commitment is why we also offer a broader range of sizes than anyone else, to insure you a most comfortable fit. And why we have such knowledgeable dealers and salespeople to serve you as well.

So if you're the kind of man who goes first class all the way, you don't have to ask yourself whether you can afford Florsheim. Because you already know that you can't afford anything less.

Florsheim®

For Free Style Brochure, Write: Florsheim Dept. AD-14
130 So. Canal St., Chicago, Ill. 60606.

Footloose

by DAN LEVIN

THE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE GIVES RUNNERS SOMETHING TO RALLY AROUND

I have run across the Golden Gate Bridge at sunset and seen San Francisco on its hills, all shimmering and golden, but I think a more delightful place to run is Huguenot Drive, outside New Paltz, N.Y. The air, sweet and wet with hemlock and moss, is as good as on the Golden Gate, the footing is gentler, crushed shale, not concrete, and the view more in keeping with a runner's needs, his fantasies, his free associations. As one tops the last hill at New Paltz, near the end of a 6.2-mile run, off to the southwest one sees a vision seemingly wrought of delirium, a structure both vast and bizarre, of countless turrets, towers, balconies and chimneys, rising beside a lake of limpid green. It is easy to forget momentarily that the hotel, for that is what it is, goes by the name of Mohonk Mountain House, that you spent the night in one of its 300 rooms and that you are a participant in one of its newer traditions, a Runners Rally Weekend.

Mohonk Mountain House is in the craggy Shawangunk Mountains, 90 miles north of New York City, and is about that many years from it, too. Built in the second half of the 19th century, it has changed little since.

The thing to do at Mohonk at night is sleep. The thing to do in the daytime is hike, climb rocks, watch birds, marvel at the beauty of the Shawangunks or take photographs. There are special weekends set aside for each of those activities, and there are the Runners Rally Weekends, too, one in April and one around Halloween.

The most recent Runners Rally included three days of advice and instruction on training and diet. There were carriage roads—no fear of being hit by a car here—for casual running and for the races of 2.5, 6.2 and 13.1 miles that were scheduled for Sunday. Most of the 125 in attendance, from all walks (what else?) of life, were still in the plodding stages. A Manhattan space-sales rep named Rhea Stein said, "I can go a mile and a half without stopping, but I hope to double that here." Stu Dember, a New Jersey lawyer, said, "I hope to meet other novice runners and to share their tribulations and their pains." He met other runners, all right, but all they shared was laughter. There was no pressure to perform, and no pain.

Judith Trotsky, a Manhattan free-lance writer, came to Mohonk with a right-ankle injury, which had cost her $200 in podiatry bills. But the pain didn't last. On Friday she showed her ankle to Joe Donovan, a physical

therapy expert on the rally staff. He put together a makeshift orthotic device from foam rubber and adhesive tape, and Trotsky ran pain-free for the first time since September.

Meanwhile, speakers came and went. Topics included the running boom, the problems of sedentary living and distance running for women. The runners learned stretching exercises and aerobic dancing and refueled periodically on plates mounded high with plain, nutritious Mohonk food. Some of them carbohydrate-loaded in preparation for Sunday's races, for many their first ever. Dr. George Sheehan, the philosopher king of running, appeared to have loaded up on Bartlett's—quotations not pears. As Saturday night's speaker, he managed to quote, among others, Twain, Edison, Plato, Nietzsche, Omar Khayyám, Thoreau, Joe Louis and Yeats. He also replied to a man concerned about the possible carcinogenic qualities of nitrosamines in beer by saying, "Nitrosamines? If they slowed me in the marathon, I'd be concerned. I select my diet with a stopwatch." And he told his less-than-Olympic-quality audience, "If you're in bad enough shape, you could improve 100%." All in all, Sheehan did what he was hired to do. He made people think and he made them laugh. He also made them stop worrying about Sunday. For a while.

That night the ancient hotel seemed to creak even more than usual. Rhea the rep slept no better than the other runners. Her race would be only 2½ miles long, but the first half of it would be a steady, steep climb up Eagle Cliff Road. On Sunday morning she pitty-patted along, 80 feet above Lake Mohonk and finished last, in 31:15. But at the finish she heard people cheering her—not for finishing last, but for finishing at all.

Stu the lawyer heard cheers, too, he won the 2½-miler in 18.22. The weekend had been a 35th-birthday gift from his girl friend Eileen, and his cheers came from her. "I don't believe it!" she yelled over and over.

All the races started simultaneously in front of the hotel. But the longer-distance runners veered off Eagle Cliff Road and onto a succession of others. They went from corniches with long views to deep-woods trails that skirted great jumbles of boulders and finally to the top of Huguenot Drive, with the old hotel looming up, as if in a dream.

Every runner was a hero in some way. There was 33-year-old Gerald Kelly, who ran 6.2 miles in a winning 36:42, and Robert Raymond, 59, who had quadruple bypass surgery less than three years ago and did it in 1:05:20. And there was Margaret Draeger, a Muncy, Pa. gynecologist entered in her first race, the half marathon. She was in last place for more than 12 miles, but then, smiling but determined, she passed someone. "I wish I had pushed a little harder," she said later, but she was still smiling, just like everybody else at the Runners Rally Weekend. END



"I ran out of Gillette TRAC II, so I tried another blade. The results weren't even close. I'll never run out of TRAC II again."

"If I buy bargain blades, I might get a shave I didn't bargain for. But I know I'll get a clean, smooth shave with Gillette TRAC II."

To Guys Who Use Gillette TRAC II®, No Other Blade Will Do.



Gillette
WE GIVE YOU THE EDGE.

1980 The Gillette Company


"THE SPEED OF LIGHT"
38' Scarab, deep-vee hull design, Kevlar skin over wood and aluminum framing, 5 tons ready to race.
Throttleman Jack Stuteville.
Driver Joey Ippolito.
Navigator Bobby Moore.
Bernie Little is the winningest owner in unlimited hydroplane and offshore racing. So far his boats have won 29 trophies!
...Offshore or on, when you taste Michelob Light, don't just compare it to other light beers, compare it to your regular beer. It's that good!
Twin 625-hp. fuel-injected Kickhaefer Aeromarine V-8's! 16" stainless steel props and cockpit-controlled hydraulic trim tabs.
MICHELOB Light
RACING TEAM
Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, MO

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

ALICE IN BASEBALL-LAND

Baseball's stalled labor negotiations were scheduled to resume early this week following a three-week recess. The main stumbling block to reaching a settlement before the players' May 23 strike deadline is a demand by the owners that a team signing a free agent be compelled to compensate the signee's previous club with an active player; at present such compensation consists of no more than a future draft choice. The owners obviously hope that an increase in compensation might curb the frantic bidding for free agents that has helped send player salaries soaring.

Some club executives become quite worked up on the subject of player salaries. Last week Padre President Ballard Smith was quoted in San Diego's *Evening Tribune* as saying, "I've reached the point where I almost hope they do strike. I think a strike might be the only way to get the players back in touch with reality. . . . If there is a strike, it will be the players who will have to give in because it won't be the owners. Believe me, we're much better prepared for a long one than they are. You can't satisfy a ballplayer anymore. A lot of these guys make hundreds of thousands of dollars and all they do is complain. They don't care about the game. They don't care about the fans. All they care about is themselves."

With passions running very nearly as high on the players' side of the bargaining table, a welcome note of sobriety was sounded when the *Los Angeles Times*' respected labor writer, Harry Bernstein, took it upon himself to analyze the baseball dispute. A nonfan who has been writing about the labor movement in the U.S. and abroad for two decades, Bernstein found that baseball's labor-management relations were suffused with "an Alice in Wonderland feeling" that was "difficult to dispel and impossible to duplicate anywhere else in the world." He wrote, "Many of the workers are rich young men, astonishingly famous, who seem to love their jobs most of the time. Their employers are even richer men, with an exception or so, who make money from a wide variety of corporate interests other than baseball, which is economically healthier than it has been in years. With workers and bosses like those in baseball, it's hard to generate much sympathy for either side."

Despite his pox-on-both-their-houses tone, Bernstein came down harder on the owners, who, he pointed out, are the ones offering the big salaries they complain about even though nobody is forcing them to do so. Wrote Bernstein, "It may be hard to believe, but the club owners are giving this message to their employees: 'Please restrain us, stop us from paying you so much money. We can't resist when you ask for multimillion-dollar contracts. And if you don't prevent our foolhardy generosity, we could wreck the whole wonderful business of big league baseball.' " Concluded Bernstein: "In effect, team owners are the first bosses in history to insist that the workers use their union to at least slow their employers' impetuous generosity."

FOGGY BOTTOM FEEDERS

In case anybody's wondering, William Oscar Johnson's story about muskies (*page 62*) wasn't prompted by the appointment of Senator Edmund Muskie as Secretary of State. But it might be noted that Muskie's surname did originate in a marine setting of sorts, New York's Ellis Island, where his father, an immigrant tailor, arrived from Poland in 1903. When immigration officials had trouble spelling the newcomer's name, Stephen Marciszewski (take *that*, Zbigniew Brzezinski!), they shortened it to Muskie. And now the second of the tailor's six children is being counted on to bring needed improvement to the conduct of U.S. foreign relations just as a celebrated 19th-century Secretary of State lent a touch of distinction to the troubled administration of Ulysses S. Grant. His name: Hamilton Fish.

GOOD DEEDS, INDEED

Please understand, the Boy Scouts in Jackson, Wyo. didn't *mean* to get involved with the Oriental aphrodisiac trade. When they started their unique fund-raising project in the 1950s, it was in purest innocence. It seems that the big elk herds from Yellowstone and Grand Teton national parks migrate each winter to nearby Jackson Hole, where in the spring the mature bulls drop their antlers. The Scouts found that by getting permission to harvest the antlers from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife



Service, manager of the Jackson Hole elk refuge, they could pick up a modest amount of cash from artisans who used the antlers to make belt buckles, buttons and bolo tie clasps popular with local tourists.

But then, a decade ago, Jackson Hole elk antlers were discovered by discriminating Asians, who attributed to them medicinal, nutritional and, not least, aphrodisiacal properties. The antlers soon were being ground into powder and sprinkled on food in Seoul or sliced into wafers to be brewed into tea in Kyoto. Chinese, Japanese and Korean buyers quickly bid the prices at Jackson's annual antler auction up to astronomical levels. Whereas antlers, which can weigh 10 pounds or more apiece, once fetched 6¢ a pound, the Scouts last year received more than $6 a pound. The resulting $51,000 take—for nearly four tons of

continued

CNA believes working with agents is one of the most effective ways we help keep insurance affordable.

"CNA has developed the finest communications system for insurance agents. It's called listening and understanding.

It sounds easy enough, but good communications is something we don't have with many insurance companies. CNA is an exception. We exchange ideas with everyone from their branch people right on up to the top. CNA encourages this dialogue so they can respond with the products and services my clients need. An insurance company that wasn't deeply committed to the American Agency System simply wouldn't bother."

Gerard C. Smith

Gerard C. Smith
Independent Insurance Agent
Patterson & Associates, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

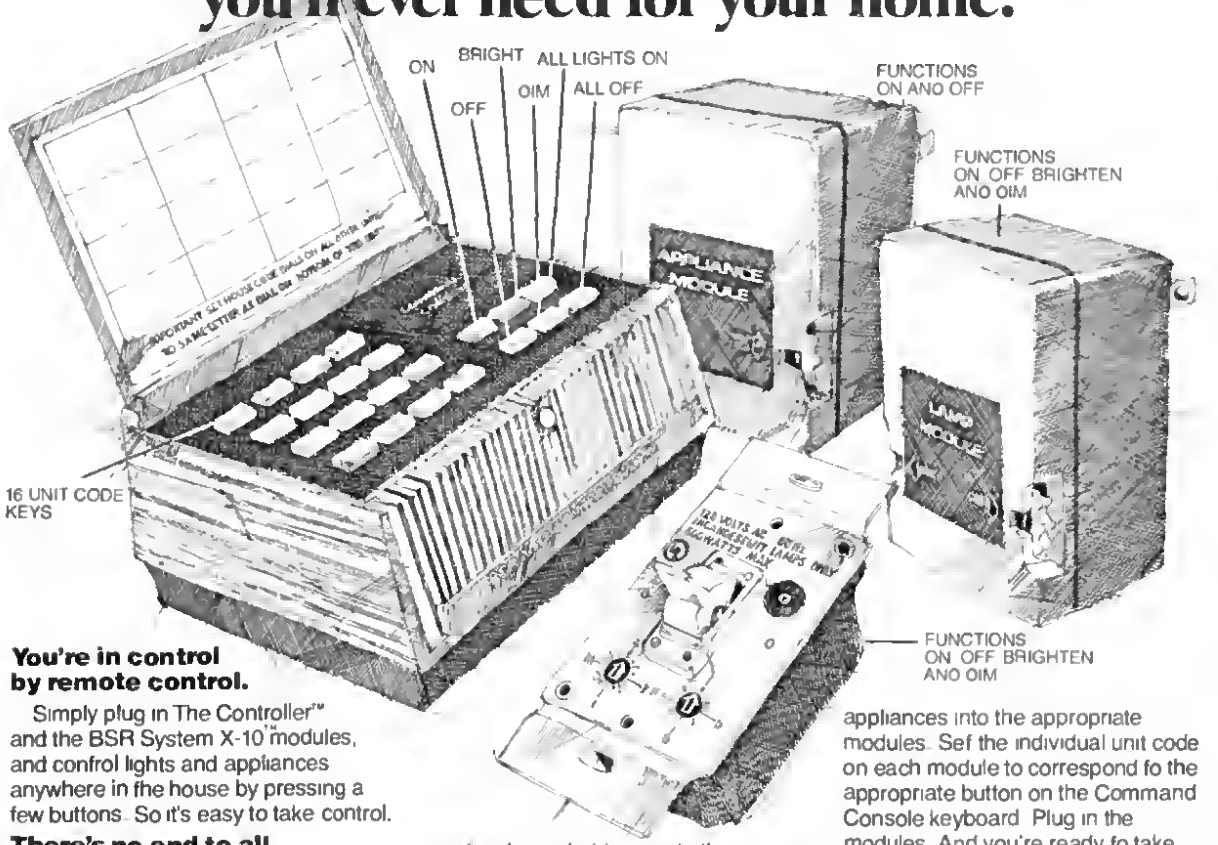


INSURANCE FROM
CNA

Judge us by the agents who represent us

Continental Casualty Company/Continental Assurance Company/CNA Plaza/Chicago, IL 60685

An in-depth look at the only "plug-in" remote control system you'll ever need for your home.



You're in control by remote control.

Simply plug in The Controller™ and the BSR System X-10™ modules, and control lights and appliances anywhere in the house by pressing a few buttons. So it's easy to take control.

There's no end to all of the control you've got.

You can turn on the TV, radio or stereo in the morning to help you wake up without getting up from bed. Or at night, turn on the lights before going downstairs so you don't have to fumble in the dark. Turn off unnecessary lights and help get your electric bill under control. Or, dim the lights and save energy, too.

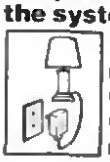
And when it's time to turn in, just push a button and turn everything off. And sleep soundly. But, if you hear a strange noise in the middle of the night, you can press a button to turn on all the lights and scare the daylights out of an intruder.

The Controller is designed to control every room in the house.

By pressing the buttons on the Command Console keyboard, command signals are transmitted over existing household wiring to the module of your choice. The Lamp Module turns on, off or dims any incandescent lamp up to 300 watts. The Appliance Module turns appliances like TVs, window fans or stereos on and off. And the Wall Switch Module is designed to turn on, off or dim any light or lamp up to 500 watts normally operated by a wall switch.

There's even a Cordless Controller that transmits signals to an Ultrasonic Command Console from up to 30 feet away. So there's plenty of control for everyone.

Simplicity is built into the system.



No special wiring is needed. Simply plug The Controller Command Console into any wall outlet in any room of the house. Set your personal house code on the console. Then plug your lamps and appliances into the appropriate modules. Set the individual unit code on each module to correspond to the appropriate button on the Command Console keyboard. Plug in the modules. And you're ready to take control.

For under $100; everything's under control.

The Controller Starter Kit comes with a Command Console and modules to control lights and appliances at three locations. The system is also sold separately, so you can add to it at any time. And stay in control.



BSR System X-10™
THE CONTROLLER.™
Everything's under control.

BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913 BSR (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price

antlers—raised eyebrows among some townspeople, prompting the Scouts to perform a good deed: they donated $31,400 of their windfall to buying feed for the migrating elk.

John Wilbrecht, the Fish and Wildlife official who manages the elk refuge, is quick to point out that the antler harvest does no harm to the animals. "The antlers are deciduous, just like the leaves of trees," he says. "They drop naturally to the ground, where the boys collect them. Once the antlers are shed, rapid regrowth begins immediately. By mid-August the antlers are fully regrown." If Wilbrecht sounds a mite defensive, it's no wonder. In some other places the elk antler trade has resulted in accusations of cruelty to animals; in fact, one of the chief buyers at the Jackson auction stirred up controversy in California by removing "green" horns from elks, a process that is believed to be painful to the animals. California officials reeently outlawed the practice, and the entrepreneur has moved the green-horn portion of his business to Texas.

As for the appropriateness of their trafficking in a commodity used as an aphrodisiac, the Boy Scouts and their leaders apparently find comfort in the fact that elk antlers are also reputed to be rich in iron and various vitamins. Whatever, the Boy Scouts have already harvested this year's crop in preparation for the auction on May 17, during which they hope to take in $60,000. Says the mother of one Scout, "It beats selling Girl Scout eookies."

DIAL SWITCHERS' DILEMMA

As expected, Boston Marathon officials last week nullified Rosie Ruiz' disputed victory in the women's division of that race, naming runner-up Jacqueline Gareau as the winner. Two days earlier taped highlights of the marathon, a race Ruiz is accused of sneaking into just half a mile from the finish line, were shown during a one-hour TV special on San Francisco's Channel 9. At precisely the same time Bay Area viewers could watch, on Channel 36, a 1968 movie about an eccentric millionairess who did *her* road racing in a Ferrari in everyday city traffic while attired in helmet and goggles and whose children were plotting to have her declared insane. The movie, which had been scheduled for that time slot long before the Ruiz controversy, starred Rosalind Russell and was called *Rosie!*

ABRUPT & BIZARRE

Rosie Ruiz isn't the only one accused of trying to rig a sports event. In Miami Beach Kenneth Harper, a 19-year-old welterweight, claims that before his professional debut on April 15, his manager changed Harper's name to Jimmy Clark in the pre-fight publicity, altered his amateur record—from 4–5 to 13–2—and asked him to lose to his opponent, Rocky Scarfone, explaining that Scarfone was "a ticket seller."

Harper leveled his accusations against his manager, Emmet Sullivan, after a fight that ended abruptly and bizarrely. Notwithstanding his claim that Sullivan had instructed him to lose, Harper broke Scarfone's nose and cut his mouth in the first two rounds. This made it all the more startling when the ringside doctor, Robert LaVey, entering the ring to examine the battered Scarfone at the end of the second round, suddenly detoured and examined Harper instead. The doctor found that two of Harper's teeth had been broken and the fight was stopped, resulting in a TKO for Scarfone.

LaVey said that Sullivan had called him over to look at Harper's broken teeth, whereupon, "The kid quit. He asked me to stop it. He told me, 'I got enough. I don't want no more.' " But Harper said, "Why would I say anything like that? I would have had the guy in the next round." He insisted that the fight had been stopped against his will.

Although he admitted changing Harper's name and amateur record, Sullivan denied asking him to lose. The promoter of the fight, Chris Dundee, who virtually runs boxing in Miami Beach, also disclaimed knowledge of any such request. Dan Roth, chairman of the Miami Beach Boxing Commission, said last week he didn't plan to investigate Harper's allegations, which had been prominently carried in *The Miami News*. "There's nothing for us to investigate," Roth said. "It was just a newspaper story. You read all kinds of stories."

A SLIGHT CHILL

While pushing successfully for a U.S. boycott of the Moscow Olympics, President Carter stopped well short of opposing all sporting contacts with the Soviet Union. As a result, not only were Soviet athletes allowed to compete in the Winter Games in Lake Placid, but a number of other competitions with the U.S.S.R. have also taken place as scheduled. Last week the Soviet junior basketball team began a nine-game U.S. tour and four Soviet athletes competed in The Lite Invitational track meet in Houston. Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has followed a tack similar to Carter's. Although supporting an Olympic boycott, he says, "We are not condemning all contacts with Russian athletes. . . . We are condemning the Moscow Games."

Nevertheless, the campaign aimed at the Moscow Olympics appears to be creating a boycott mentality that's spreading a chill through international sport. Despite the distinctions Trudeau tried to draw, the Canadian Olympic Association made it clear when it voted two weeks ago to boycott the Moscow Games that it considered it grossly unfair that Canada's amateur athletes were asked to make such a sacrifice even as their country was preparing to welcome a Soviet team to compete in the Canada Cup, a six-nation hockey tournament scheduled to be held in several Canadian cities next September. Many NHL players, from whose ranks Canada's team in the tournament was to be selected, agreed, and last week the 1980 Canada Cup was canceled.

Meanwhile, Florida Southern College, an NCAA Division II basketball powerhouse, last week declined an invitation to represent the U.S. in the Friendship Cup tournament in Cuba next month. A spokesman for Florida Southern, which is located in Lakeland, said that school officials felt it would be inappropriate to consent to participate in such a tournament at a time when so many Cuban refugees were braving harassment and rough seas in hopes of making it to Florida. Although this might seem to have nothing to do with the Olympic boycott, the spokesman also said, "One of our thoughts was, 'How can we justify going to Cuba when our Olympic team isn't going to Moscow?' "

THEY SAID IT

- Dave Bristol, the Giant manager, addressing his struggling team: "There'll be two buses leaving the hotel for the park tomorrow. The 2 o'clock bus will be for those of you who need a little extra work. The empty bus will be leaving at 5 o'clock."
- Janet Guthrie, race car driver, dismissing the importance of strength in her sport: "You drive the car, you don't carry it."

END

Introducing The Honda Passport. It fits your life as easily as it fits your budget.



Honda's remarkable new C70. The Passport. It gets up to 130 miles to the gallon.*

You also get an electric starter. An automatic clutch. That famous Honda reliability. And a brand new excuse to go somewhere.

It'll carry one or two of you comfortably.†

And if you're wondering if you can afford it? Don't.

With the way gas prices are headed, you can't afford to be without it.

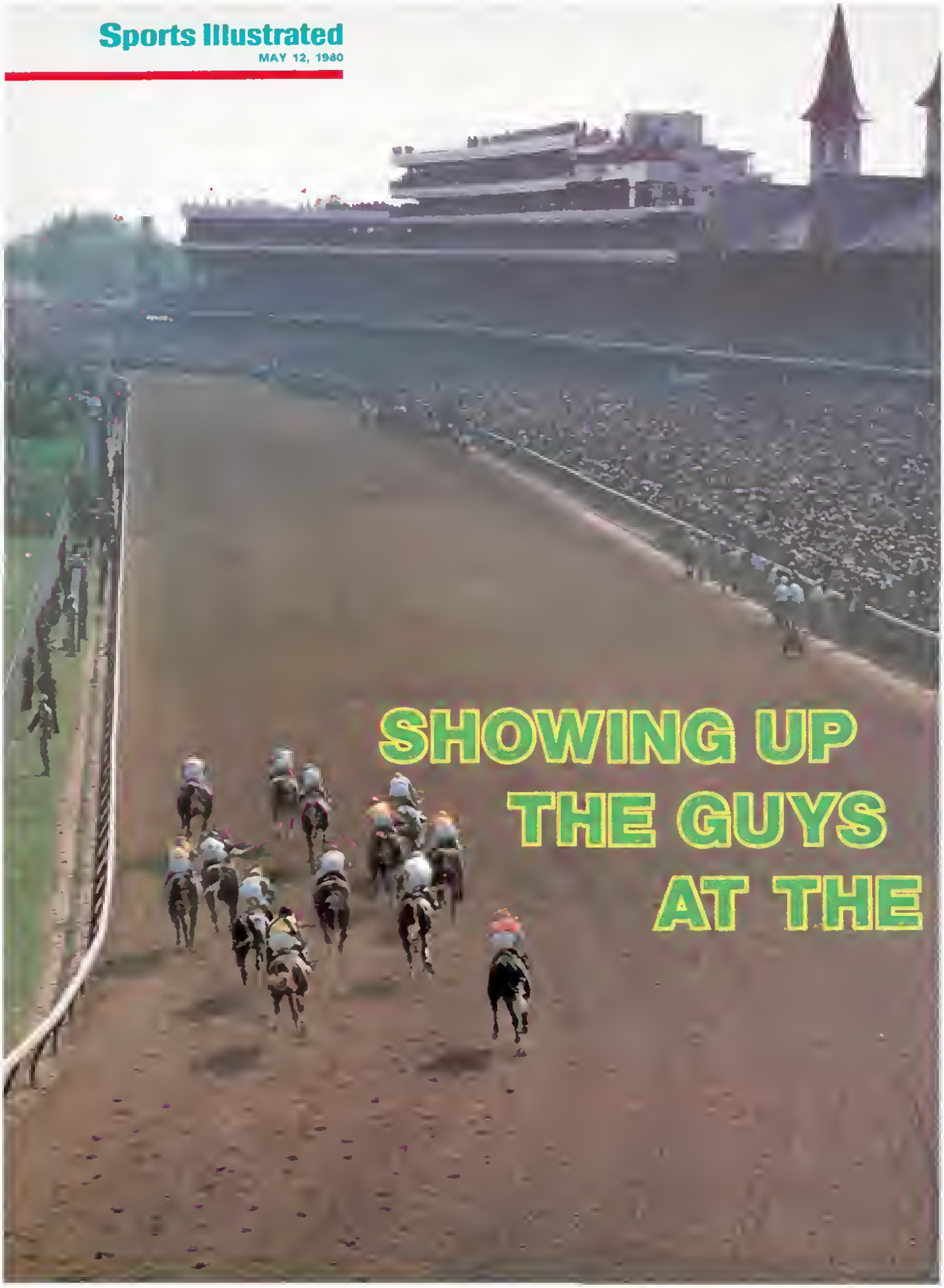
The Honda Passport. For all those trips that are too big for the feet and too small for the car.

The Honda Passport.

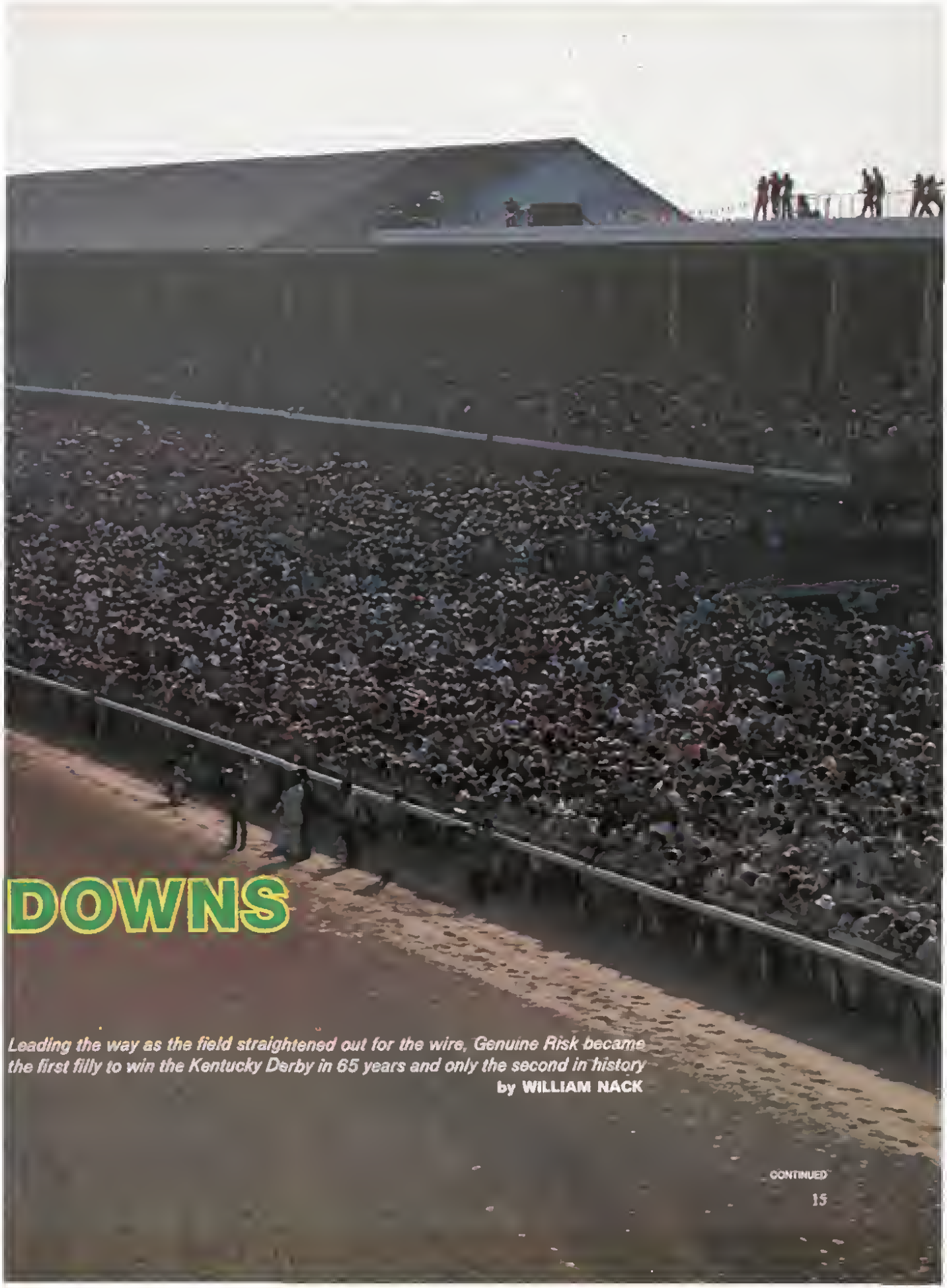
Get one. It'll take you almost anywhere.

*Estimated mileage calculated from results of EPA emission tests for city riding. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you ride, weather conditions, vehicle load and trip length. †Maximum load capacity 300 pounds. ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION. Specifications subject to change without notice. Not available in Maryland. ©1980 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Dept. SP9N, P.O. Box 9000, Van Nuys, California 91409

Sports Illustrated
MAY 12, 1980



SHOWING UP THE GUYS AT THE



DOWNS

Leading the way as the field straightened out for the wire, Genuine Risk became the first filly to win the Kentucky Derby in 65 years and only the second in history

by WILLIAM NACK

CONTINUED

They came dashing out through the portal leading from the box seats and through the old wooden clubhouse, holding on to each other and looking like Bonnie and Clyde leaving the racetrack money room. What they had actually just lifted, in broad daylight and from under the noses of 131,859 customers at Churchill Downs, was one sensational Kentucky Derby. Bert and Diana Firestone had waited too long for this occasion to let the winner's circle go unattended. So off they went.

"I don't believe it!" Bert cried.

Past the betting windows, through the Derby Lounge bar. Under the sign. Mint Juleps $3. Down the 11 steps. Past the Directors Room. Through a door. Down another flight of steps where Diana almost tripped over a chain draped across the stairway.

"Oh!" she gasped. Bert grabbed her elbow.

On they raced, as if the winner's circle were about to disappear. Down more steps, with Diana holding her straw hat and six of their seven children tagging behind. Through another door. On to the main floor of the clubhouse. Out a passageway to the tunnel leading to the racetrack. Big Ed McGrath, the bloodstock insurance man, met them there with a bearlike embrace.

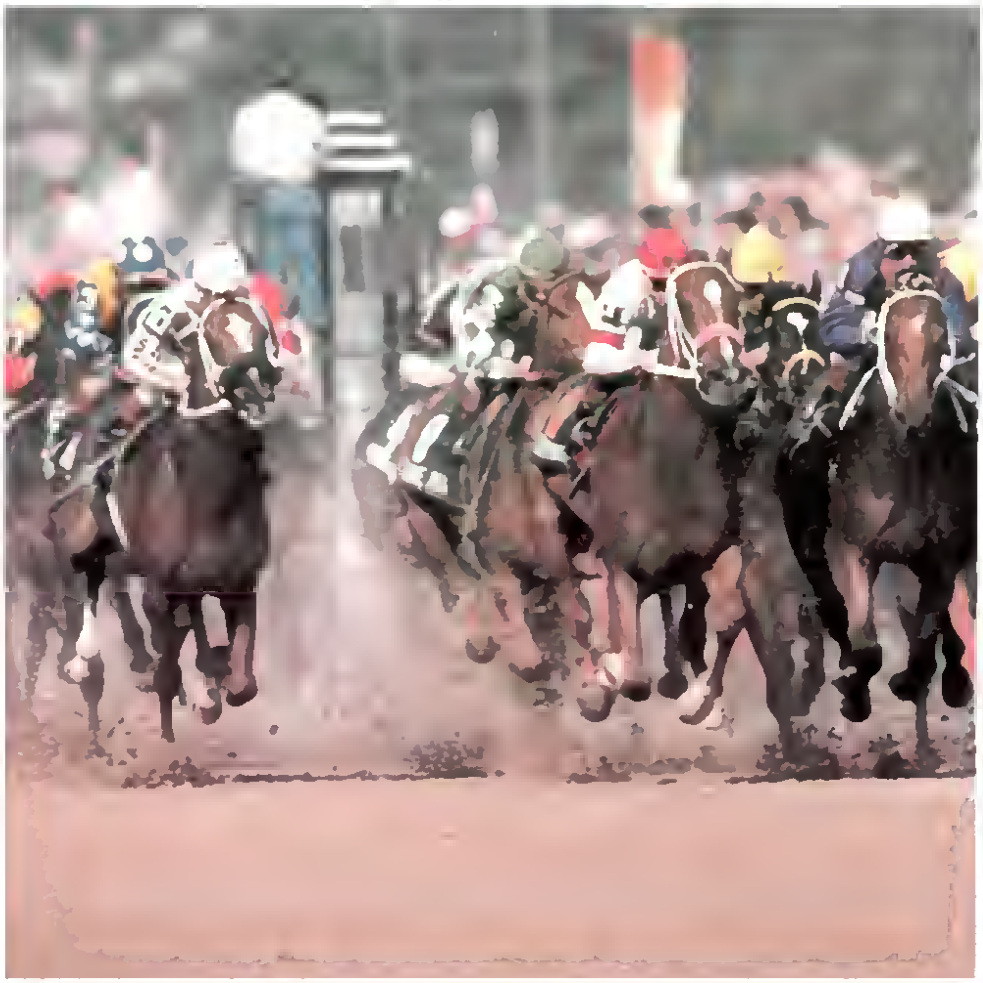
Out another tunnel leading to the track, into the wild blue afternoon, then across the track itself, under the aluminum fence and finally reaching that small grassy place they had been racing to for the last few minutes—in fact, for the last few years. They had just won their first Kentucky Derby, after twice finishing second in the last five years, with a filly possessing bright brown eyes, long eyelashes, a golden coat and the name of Genuine Risk. After years of frustration, they had finally reached the one place in America where they wanted to be above any other.

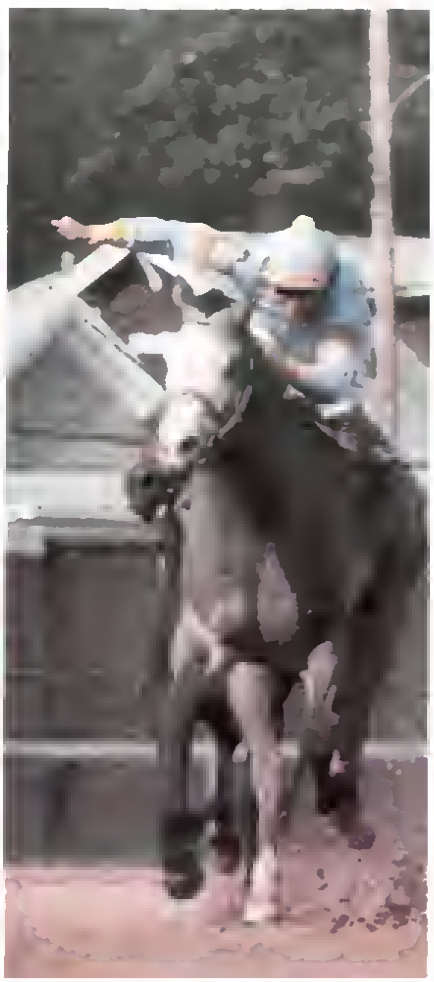
"I knew it," said Diana. "I knew she could do it."

Genuine Risk won by a length, and the race was the easiest part. Her appearance at the starting gate, with Jockey Jacinto Vasquez wearing the distinctive green-and-white Firestone silks, was the culmination of a series of unlikely events that began when a 14-year-old boy fell for a horse. These events reached their most critical stage when trainer LeRoy Jolley agonized over whether to do what no owner and trainer had agreed to do since Silver Spoon went to the post in 1959: saddle a filly in the Derby. That the Firestones and Jolley decided to go ahead produced a Derby as moving for those involved in it as it was memorable for those who witnessed it.

Nearly two years ago, at the Fasig-Tipton summer yearling sale in Lexington, Ky., Bertram's son Matthew took a liking to a daughter of Exclusive Native, sire of Triple Crown winner Affirmed, out of Virtuous, who had been sired by Gallant Man, the record-breaking winner of the 1957 Belmont Stakes. In the years he had been accompanying his father to sales, Matthew had become a student of pedigree and conformation. After seeing the filly, he sought out his father,

Rockhill Native (right), Plugged Nickle (center) and Execution's Reason lead after a quarter





It was late and the sale was about to begin. "I found one I really like," Matthew said. "Can you come and look at her?" Firestone hesitated, telling him time was short and the yearling salesmen wouldn't show a horse at so late an hour. Unruffled, Matthew dashed to the barn. "They'll show her to us," he said on returning. Together they visited the filly. Firestone hadn't even marked her in his program, but he decided that he liked her, too. "Can I bid on her for you?" the boy asked. "You can go to $35,000," his father said.

That night, the last nod of Matthew's head signaled a bid of $32,000, and the filly was theirs. They aptly named her Genuine Risk, and she wasn't long coming to hand after Jolley started cranking her up last autumn. They figured they had something when, in her second start, she blew away a field of allowance fillies to win by more than seven lengths and then won the Tempted Stakes at Aqueduct by three. Firestone remembers Vasquez saying, as he dismounted, "This filly can beat the colts."

So even then, as far back as last November, the Firestones were thinking about the filly in the Derby. What so encouraged them was that no dominant colt had emerged. Moreover, Firestone, 48, a real-estate developer, had a highly resistant strain of Derby fever, one brought on by those two near-misses. Honest Pleasure finished second to Bold Forbes in 1976, but Jolley sensed that Firestone felt more frustrated last year, when his gifted General Assembly happened to come along in the year of Spectacular Bid. By the end of last season, filly or not, Genuine Risk also was the most promising Derby candidate in Firestone's barn.

Nor did anything occur last winter to discourage Firestone from harboring Derby dreams. The 3-year-old colts appeared to be an average bunch. And the filly was clearly her old self in her first start of 1980, on March 19, when she won a seven-furlong allowance race at Gulfstream in 1:22⅗—good time. With six weeks to the Derby, she was on course. So she was entered in the 1⅛-mile Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 19, her first race against the colts. It was there on the eve of the Wood and in its aftermath, that problems surfaced. Jolley began to have reservations about the Derby plan, leaning now toward the rich filly races of the spring. Firestone, however, wasn't convinced.

Jolley, 42, is an old-school trainer, conservative by nature, who hasn't made it a practice to run fillies against colts and doesn't believe in taking what he considers unnecessary risks. And running fillies against colts was risky, especially in the Derby. As the world knows, the last and only other time a filly won the Derby was in 1915, and Regret was her name. "It's a risk that need not be taken," Jolley said. "So you don't do it."

Firestone, on the other hand, is instinctively more the gambler of the two. "The greater the risk," he says, "the greater the reward." The Firestone horses run under the colors of Catoctin Stud of Waterford, Va. The fillies race in Diana's name and the colts in Bert's.

In Genuine Risk's final prep for the Wood, a handicap race on April 5, the then-undefeated filly won going a flat mile, but she was in heat, the time was slow and Jolley felt she got lit- *continued*

Jaklin Klugman challenges outside in the long stretch drive



Vasquez and the flying lilly leave the co-favorite, Rockhill Native, behind on the rail





Nearing the wire, Genuine Risk is in an all-out drive and by now certain of a smashing victory, to the astonishment and delight of the 131,859 Derby spectators

tle out of the race. So he played catch-up, working her harder than usual, to prepare for the Wood. Then he sent her out to meet Plugged Nickle, the Derby co-favorite, and the other boys. When she finished third, beaten a length and a half by Plugged Nickle in a slow 1:50⅘, Jolley was painfully disappointed. "She was a filly who had been undefeated, and I'm enough of a dreamer to think I can keep that going forever," he said. "If the race was won in 1:48 or even 1:49, I'd say, 'Well, that's the way it is.' But it wasn't, and the race was hard on her. Maybe I trained her too hard. She was puffing and blowing and tired."

Jolley's first thought on seeing her after the race was, "My God, what have I done to this filly?" To a national television audience Jolley said she wouldn't be going to Kentucky. Firestone, on the other hand, was pleased. He thought she had run well, and he wanted to leave open the Kentucky option. The next day, Sunday, the two men met at Aqueduct, and they agreed to continue pointing for the Derby if the filly recovered nicely from the Wood and if no horse looked overpowering in the Blue Grass at Keeneland the following Thursday.

They decided to attend that race together. If Jolley didn't really want to go to the Derby, the filly gave signals that she didn't want to either. She was fine on Sunday after the Wood but on Monday she seemed a bit dull to Jolley, off her feed and lacking her customary alertness. "My thoughts were concerned with her well-being," Jolley said.

Firestone was concerned, too. "I wouldn't go if I thought it would irreparably harm her," he said. On the same day, having read that Jolley didn't plan to go to Kentucky, Bill Rudy, Churchill Downs' director of publicity, called Firestone to ask if he still wanted his seat and room reservations. Rudy thought Firestone might want to run the filly in the Kentucky Oaks.

"We're 90% certain we're coming," Bert said.

"To the Oaks?" Rudy asked.

"No, to the Derby," said Bert.

Genuine Risk remained dull on Tuesday, so Jolley kept her in the barn on Wednesday. He not only thought that saving her for the filly races made more sense, he says, but he also feared the possibly destructive effects the Derby might have on her. Not robust, Genuine Risk is distinctly feminine in type, physically refined. While some trainers won't put a colt in the Derby because they believe it too early in the year to ask a 3-year-old to go a mile and a quarter, many wouldn't even consider entering a filly. Fillies tend to be more delicate and to suffer longer from the stresses of a race, thus the five-pound weight allowance sanctioned by the Jockey Club at this time of year. Fillies frequently beat the colts abroad and, in fact, have won four of the last eight runnings of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's premier race.

But Angel Penna, the trainer of two of those fillies, San San and Allez France, points out that the Arc is in October, and by then a 3-year-old filly is becoming as mature as a 3-year-old colt. When horses are young 2-year-olds, Penna says, they are like young children, and, as children, girls are often able to beat boys in

footraces. But by late summer, he says, the colts have passed the fillies and they remain stronger until the next fall, when the fillies catch up. So the fillies at Derby time are behind the colts in development. "I think the Kentucky Derby is a little too early for everybody, but especially for fillies," Penna says.

Jolley believes that. And he was concerned about Genuine Risk, more delicate than most. "More like Candice Bergen than Billie Jean King," he says. He also feared the Derby would be a cavalry charge of 20 horses, making the race even tougher for her, and that among the chargers would be Prince Valiant, the Blue Grass candidate he thought might emerge as the star. For all these reasons, then, Jolley didn't want to go. And then, suddenly, the whole picture changed.

The day was Thursday, April 24, Blue Grass Day. That morning for the first time since the Wood, Jolley sent Genuine Risk to the racetrack. She galloped strongly under Vasquez. "She damned near ran off with him," Jolley says. Physically, she had recovered from the Wood. He also watched the Blue Grass, watched as Prince Valiant struggled home last in a field of 11, and Rockhill Native won in a performance roughly comparable to Plugged Nickle's in the Wood. Jolley also figured that several also-rans in the Wood wouldn't be making the trip to Louisville, and he was right. Soon after the race, eight trainers announced they wouldn't be going, reducing the field to 12 horses. So Jolley was now training a filly who was fit again and facing a manageable Derby field that included two favorites who hadn't shown they wanted to go a mile and a quarter, one of whom had beaten her only a length and a half. "And she's bred to go the distance," Diana Firestone said.

So they were Derby-bound. Over the next few days Jolley grew more comfortable with the idea. In the week before the Derby he still expressed concern, but he was confident she could run with the colts. "You're not saying blindly, 'This is a great filly and I'm going to run her against Forego,'" he said one day. "You're going into a situation you've weighed very carefully. There's no big standout. She's alert, bright. I think she's got a hell of a shot, I really do."

So did Bert Firestone. "I wouldn't try for the Derby if I didn't think we had a good chance," he said. "I've run twice and been second twice. If there was a Secretariat or Spectacular Bid here, she wouldn't be. But here I give her a very good chance."

That was at 3:30 p.m. Saturday. Two hours later, there was his filly swallowing Plugged Nickle and Rockhill Native, coming off the turn for home and holding off Rumbo in the last few jumps. Rockhill Native finished fifth after staying in the hunt most of the way, and Plugged Nickle, the co-favorite, came in seventh after fading in the stretch. After Rumbo was Jaklin Klugman and Super Moment. Genuine Risk's winning time of 2:02 was the ninth-fastest Derby ever run, and she bettered Spectacular Bid's 1979 time by two-fifths of a second. She also earned $250,550.

For Vasquez, the day was filled with memories. In 1975 he had teamed with Jolley to win the Derby with Foolish Pleasure. In July that year, Vasquez rode the great filly champion Ruffian in the match race at Belmont Park—against Foolish Pleasure. Ruffian was leading by half a length after 3½ furlongs when she broke down. She was destroyed the next day. "I won't compare Ruffian to Genuine Risk," he said. "I never will."

Later in the evening, there was a champagne party at the barn. Genuine Risk stood watching from the stall door. The Preakness will be run in two weeks, and Jolley was ruling nothing out, if nothing in. He said, "I'll tell you this; she's not nearly as tired now as she was after the Wood. We'll see. You have to play her like a violin." **END**



LaRoy was much jollier when the risk paid off

Speedy Diana led the Firestone family's charge to the winner's circle, outpacing Matthew and Bert





The Dodgers are winning with Law in the order

OLD DODGER BLUE GETS NEW PAINT

Los Angeles is sparkling, thanks in part to rookies who won't be given the brush

by STEVE WULF

Tommy Lasorda says his 1980 Dodgers remind him of the 1908 New York Giants, a team, you may recall, that utilized several rookies, including Fred (Bonehead) Merkle. Lasorda, who was born in 1927, remembers the '08 Giants because, he says, "I am the reincarnation of Frank Chance." Chance, of Tinkers to Evers to, was the player-manager of the Chicago Cubs, who beat the Giants by a game that year because Merkle forgot to touch second, which is how he got his nickname. Closer to home, Lasorda also compares his club to the Brooklyn team of 1955, the only other Dodgers to win 10 consecutive games in April. The '55 world champions are also famous for keeping Sandy Koufax on the roster and sending down their other rookie lefthander, Tommy Lasorda—a move Lasorda still questions

So much for antiquity. The 1980 Dodgers, who closed out April by winning 10 straight with the help of six rookies, are a far cry from the Dodgers of a year ago. Los Angeles got off to such a horrendous start last season that it never saw the light of .500 after May 31, even though the Dodgers had a record second only to the Pirates' after the All-Star break. At the end of last week Lasorda's men were 14–9, two and a half games out of first in the NL West, and they had the rest of the league singing the Old Dodger Blues once more. Lasorda was again chirping a happy tune and, more significantly, has kept his weight down. When Lasorda loses, he eats, and of late his T shirt bearing the inscription NON MI DARI NIENTI A MANGIARI (flabbily translated as DO NOT FEED THE MANAGER) has had room to spare.

When the 10-game streak started, the Dodgers were 3–7 and not only threatening a repeat of 1979 but also sparking talk that they might have to fire a manager for the first time in 27 years. Then, infused with new blood from Albuquerque, the Dodgers came back, surging from behind to win five of the 10, while holding their opponents to just 17 runs. Nine of those victories were against the Giants and Padres, but who's quibbling. While the nucleus of the club is basically the same as it was in 1977 and 1978, when the Dodgers were league champions, the rookies seem just the tonic the veterans needed. When Don Sutton, who wasn't even supposed to be a Dodger, beat the Giants 6–0 recently, he gave his rookie catcher, Mike Scioscia, the ultimate compliment, a bottle of Sutton's favorite Moselle. "It was an excellent wine," says Scioscia, "considering I'm used to Mad Dog."

Similarly, the once troublesome Reggie Smith has taken new Centerfielder Rudy Law under his wing, and both of them have been thriving. Law is batting .298, covering more ground than Zack Wheat and staying up among the league leaders in runs scored and stolen bases. Smith, who worked out diligently in the off-season, has been crunching baseballs as if each one bore the face of a Los Angeles sportswriter, a breed with which he has been at odds. Smith has shortened his swing, and the results are a .360 batting average, five home runs, 18 RBIs and a string of eight games in which he drove in at least one run. "I feel like I did five or six years ago," he says.

The Dodgers took their winning streak into Philadelphia last weekend and promptly got their bell rung 9–5 and 7–3 in the first two games. But they battled back in both contests, and then on Sunday righted themselves by winning a 12–10 donnybrook

When the Dodgers opened camp in Vero Beach, Fla. in March, the feeling was that at 23 Law was still a year away. But Coach Manny Mota, who knows something about hitting, spent long hours teaching Law how to swing down, instead of uppercutting, to take advantage of his speed. Meanwhile, Smith, as Lasorda puts it, "gave Rudy a crash course in baseball." The result was a spring batting average of .341 and the centerfield job on Opening Day in Houston, the first time a Dodger rookie had started an opener since Bill Buckner and Steve Garvey debuted in 1970. Law, who was hitting .329 going into the Phillies series, already has two game-winning RBIs and nine stolen bases. "No question about it," says Lasorda. "He's Willie Davis all over again. Willie could hit with more power, but Rudy will steal more bases."

Scioscia, 21, started the season in Albuquerque, the Dodgers' Triple A farm club, but injuries to Steve Yeager and Joe Ferguson prompted his immediate call-up, and Scioscia has been playing regularly against righthanders ever since. The Dodgers won the first seven games he started behind the plate. His bat may

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL KENNEDY

not be major league yet, but his body is: on Friday night he proved to be an immovable object when the irresistible Pete Rose tried to slide through him. "People say I like him because he's Italian," says Lasorda. "They're wrong. I like him because *I'm* Italian." Around the clubhouse, Scioscia is known as Oral Roberts because of his healing effect on Yeager and Ferguson.

Another kid who didn't figure to make the club is lefthanded reliever Steve Howe. This time last year Howe was sitting in physiology class at the University of Michigan. He was the Dodgers' first pick in the June draft and then was invited to camp as a non-roster pitcher. But with Doug Rau and Terry Forster on the disabled list, the team was desperate for lefties, so Howe went west, signing a contract on Easter morning. In his last six outings, Howe has gotten three saves. "Somebody asked me if I was nervous sending in a 22-year-old with the bases loaded," says Lasorda. "Hell, when I call down to the bullpen, I don't ask how old they are. I'll say this, the kid has ice water in his veins. He reminds me of a young Tommy Lasorda."

The Dodgers' most heralded rookie, Infielder Mickey Hatcher, 25, is sitting on the bench and trying to stay calm. "I'm too hyperactive," he says. "I pace from one end of the dugout to the other, I go get coffee for the other players, I check out my pass list in the stands. Look, I don't expect to replace Ron Cey," and here Hatcher's eyes go desperate, "but I'll catch, I'll pitch, I'll do anything to get in the lineup." Lasorda, of course, loves him like a son. "There's something special about him," says Lasorda. "He's a joy to see. If you hang around him long enough, you want to start life anew. He, too, reminds me of myself." The other two rookies, Infielder-Outfielder Pedro Guerrero and Pitcher Joe Beckwith, haven't had enough playing time for Lasorda to draw the inevitable comparisons, but Guerrero is 2 for 4 and Beckwith won Sunday's game and hasn't given up a run in 4⅔ innings.

The Dodgers spent a lot of desperate money in the off-season to shore up their pitching staff, and with two straight victories after an 0–2 start, Dave Goltz is beginning to pay off on his $3 million contract, but Don Stanhouse went on the disabled list with a $2.1 million case of bursitis after giving up six runs in six innings. The current record is more a result of the efforts of Ben Wade's scouting staff, which keeps coming up with the new talent, than of front office machinations. The Dodgers had come close to breaking up that old gang of Garvey, Davey Lopes, Bill Russell and Cey, the oldest established permanent non-floating infield in history, but they're still producing, Cey with 15 RBIs and Garvey with a league-leading 20 runs batted in despite a .235 average. Sutton seemed a goner, for certain, after holding out and demanding to be traded to an American League contender, but nothing mutually satisfying could be arranged. Sutton may occasionally be a pain in the neck because of his contentious nature, but he is also a consummate professional, who, after 14 years, is nailing down just about every Dodger pitching record. "These young guys are providing enthusiasm and giving a kick in the seat to those of us who know we should be performing better," he says. "This could be a fun year." **END**







A clutch of redoubtable runners charges down a country road in the first mile of the race among them Bill Rodgers (5), Lasse Viren (32), Kenya's Rono (9)

ROAD SHOW WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST

The 15-kilometer Midland Run in lush New Jersey horse country attracted the finest road-racing field in history. Henry Rono's arrival was a classic of suspense, but it was Herb Lindsay's finish that really drew the raves **by JOE MARSHALL**

Not all of New Jersey looks like the back of an old radio. It only seems that way. Take Far Hills, for instance. That's horse country. The pastures are green and rolling, the fences are split rail, the horses are thoroughbreds, and the horsepower is mostly Mercedes-Benz. Jackie O lives there. Get the picture? At this time of year a lot of the locals have departed for the Kentucky Derby, but last Sunday Far Hills played host to a thoroughbred race of its own. Only these thoroughbreds were of the two-legged variety. The occasion was the Midland Run, a 15-kilometer (9.3-mile) road race that brought to the exclusive reaches of Far Hills what may have been the best road-racing field ever assembled.

The event attracted 25,000 spectators to the sloping fields of AT&T-owned Moorland Farms, where 1,600 runners started in a mass charge on a sunny, breezy afternoon and finished in a weary straggle. Picnickers spread comestibles on tailgates or on the grass and munched to the wails of a bagpipe band. More fans stationed themselves beside the race route, which wound along hilly, tree-shaded back roads, past a placid reservoir and stately homes. In many of the driveways, Far Hills' citizens relaxed on lounge chairs with cameras and cocktails, ready to toast the passing runners, some of whose names are legendary to enthusiasts of the running boom—Bill Rodgers, Henry Rono, Lasse Viren and road racing's new superstar, Herb Lindsay.

As if on a land rush, the contestants pour across the starting line toward the lanes of Far Hills.

The favorite was Kenya's Rono, who was making his American road-racing debut. Rono is the undisputed king of distance running on the track, holding world records in four events—the 3,000-meter steeplechase and the 3,000-, 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs. Last November he won the NCAA cross-country championships for the third time, thus amply proving that he is also master of that sport. Now, in choosing to take on the impressive field at Far Hills, Rono was vying to be king of the road as well.

This was only the third running of the Midland, and the credit for turning it into a Kentucky Derby for road racers must go to its energetic director, Bob Bright, a 40-year-old ex-Marine captain who makes his living as a broker of thoroughbred horses. Bright ran in the first Midland in 1978, a 20-km event in which the entire field of 700 made a wrong turn at the start and ended up running an extra three miles. Last year he took over the management of the race, which attracted a field of 1,100 and produced 20-km. American

continued





records for both men and women. This year Bright stopped taking entries when they reached 1,600 a month ahead of the deadline. Defending champion John Flora said only half-jokingly that he would be happy to finish in the top 25.

Bright admits that he didn't start out to assemble the best field ever. "My goal was to get the public to relate to the sport of road racing," he says, "and for that I needed media coverage. To get it I knew I needed something unique." Bright's bright idea was to invite the Russians. This was back in November—pre-Olympic boycott—and the Soviet Union agreed to send a team. To attract more 5,000- and 10,000-meter runners, Bright dropped the distance to 15 km.

A few days before the race Bright was informed that the U.S.S.R. contingent had withdrawn, citing a conflict with their own Olympic Trials. However, by the time the Soviets pulled out, a curious thing had happened. The chance to compete against them had lured athletes who, in turn, had lured other athletes, and the field for the 1980 Midland Run had grown into such a star-studded assemblage that the loss of the Soviets was inconsequential.

First came a flood of Americans. In addition to Flora, there were Greg Meyer, who set the American 15-km. record of 43:40 in Tampa in February, and Garry Bjorklund, whose record Meyer had broken. Rodgers, who has won three straight marathons in Boston and four in New York, signed on. Rodgers may be the best-known road racer in America, but he wasn't ranked No.1 in the U.S. last year. That honor went to a muscular sporting goods salesman from Boulder, Colo. named Herbert Donald Lindsay. He came to Far Hills fresh from an American-record-setting 10-mile run of 45:59.8 in New York's Central Park the previous weekend. In 1979 Lindsay had run the fastest 15 km. in the U.S.—44:17.

The women's field was also impressive. Along with defending champion Marty Cooksey, who set an American 20-km. record of 1:11:24 at Midland last year, and Anne Sullivan, who recently held the American 10-mile mark, it contained the top female finishers in the 1980 Boston Marathon—Jacqueline Gareau and Patti Lyons, present

continued

By mile seven Viren was surging, but Lindsay (6) had "the accelerator to the floorboard." Lyons finished before the other women and, alas, Rono

Why is Heineken America's number one imported beer?



Taste.

THERE'S MORE TO CUTLASS SUPREME THAN MEETS THE EYE.



Cutlass Watchers, compare Cutlass for mileage. Don't be attracted to this car just because of its looks. About a half-million people are going to buy a Cutlass this year and many will do so because of the V6 engine. This spunky, economical powerplant has an EPA estimated mpg of 20 and an estimated 27 out on the highway. With the available diesel V8 engine, you get even better mileage.

V6 ENGINE

20 EPA Est MPG | 27 Hwy Est MPG

DIESEL ENGINE

22 EPA Est MPG | 34 Hwy Est MPG

REMEMBER Compare the boxed estimated mpg to the estimated mpg of other cars *You may get different mileage* depending on how fast you drive weather conditions and trip length

Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy **Diesel now available in California** California mileage may vary

Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM built engines produced by various divisions See your dealer for details

Compare Cutlass for comfort and flair. This mid-size is an Oldsmobile. The standard upholstery on the Brougham is a rich velour. The center armrest folds up to accommodate a third person in the front. Yes, this mid-size car seats six people... six adult-size people... in Oldsmobile comfort. Automatic transmission, power steering and power brakes are standard. And you can select from 78 other available luxury and convenience items that will make your Cutlass *your very own Cutlass.*



Compare Cutlass for its high resale value. It's a fact: Cutlass has one of the highest resale values among all mid-size cars. That's important when you're buying a car. Cutlass's high resale, in effect, can provide added value at trade-in time.

These days you owe it to yourself to compare before buying. Stop in at your Oldsmobile dealer today. He'll do everything he can to make you one of the half-million Cutlass Watchers who'll become Cutlass Owners this year.

It'll be mighty nice knowing that the Cutlass you bought was the right car to buy.

No wonder Cutlass is now America's #1 selling car.

GM

Oldsmobile

WE'VE HAD ONE BUILT FOR YOU

holder of the 20-km. record and winner of seven marathons.

The big attention-getters at the Midland Run were the foreigners in the men's field—Rono, Dick Quax and Viren. New Zealand's Quax is the 1976 Olympic silver medalist and former world-record holder at 5,000 meters. On New Year's Day 1980, he ran the fastest 15 km. ever on a track, 43:01. Finland's Viren was the gold medalist at 5,000 and 10,000 meters in each of the last two Olympics. In March he came to New York for a TV show and entered a 10-km. road race. In non-Olympic years Viren has frequently pocketed expense money and then jogged leisurely through American road races, but this time he announced he had trained hard, running as many as 160 miles a week. He then proved his conditioning by winning the New York race in 29:13, breaking the course record by 27 seconds. Anxious for a shot at Rono, he sought out Bright, and asked why he hadn't been invited to the famous Midland Run. Bright asked if Viren wanted to run or was just looking for a workout. "I will run to the level of my fitness," replied Lasse. Bright extended an invitation, whereupon Viren departed for Colombia for high-altitude training, not to return to America until two days before the race.

By Rono's standards, however, Viren was an early bird in Far Hills. Some 21 hours before the 2 p.m. Sunday start of the Midland Run, Rono was in Nairobi, 7,680 miles from Far Hills. His itinerary called for a nonstop flight to London with a quick connection to a Concorde bound for New York. If all went flawlessly, Rono would arrive at JFK Airport at 8:30 Sunday morning. His race to the starting line seemed likely to be more difficult than his race to the finish line.

Rono, who got married on April 19, originally was supposed to arrive in the States on April 18. When he didn't appear, Bright and Gordon Cooper, a friend of Rono, began to worry. Bright asked Cooper for a phone number so he could call Rono in Kenya. Cooper explained that that would be difficult because Rono doesn't have a telephone.

The only way to reach Rono in his hometown of Kapsabet, said Cooper, starts with a New York operator getting in touch with a Nairobi operator. The Nairobi operator then calls the operator in the district capital, Nakuru, who in turn gets in touch with an operator in a neighboring town called Eldoret, who finally puts the call through to Kapsabet. Experience has taught Cooper that the only time all the lines necessary to make this connection are open is after 8 p.m. Kenya time, and then you have to work fast, because the Eldoret operator goes to sleep at nine. Once through to Kapsabet, Cooper speaks to the postmaster, telling him to have Rono return the call.

The postmaster in Kapsabet doesn't deliver the mail. He just hands it out if you happen to drop by, so several days can elapse before Rono gets his message. But when a week went by and Bright and Cooper still hadn't heard, they began to panic. After what Cooper estimates was more than $100 in phone calls, he was connected with Rono at the Nairobi Hilton, where he had taken his wife for a honeymoon. "What is wrong?" asked Rono calmly when he heard Cooper's anxious tone. He then explained that he was being delayed by difficulty in gathering all the papers necessary for his new wife to follow him to America.

Cooper insisted that Rono would be better off getting off the plane and running than arriving a day early and getting a good night's sleep. He noted that Rono would be chasing the night westward and might have as much as 12 hours of sleep on the flight. One of Far Hills' well-heeled citizens offered to send his helicopter to JFK to get Rono to the race on time. "That's my dream," said Dick Buerkle, the former indoor world-record holder in the mile and a contestant in the Midland. "I want to get so good they send a helicopter to bring me to the race."

The helicopter wasn't necessary. Cooper shepherded Rono from the airport to the starting line by car. Rono kept right on going, leading the field at the start as it surged across a wide field of Moorland Farms before spilling onto the town's roads. But on the road, Rono began to drop back. Then, shortly before the three-mile mark, as the lead pack headed downhill, Meyer made a move to break away. Only Lindsay and Viren went with him, and suddenly the Midland Run was a three-man race.

Meyer started to fade after the sixth mile, which the three ran in a speedy 4:27. Now it was a duel between Lindsay and Viren. "Lasse was tough," Lindsay admitted later. "He put in some real surges. He was hammering on me. I had the accelerator to the floorboard."

For the 25-year-old Lindsay to be racing head to head with a four-time gold medalist would have seemed pure fantasy a year ago. He is the sixth of six children, and when his widowed mother married a widower with six kids he became the 12th of 12—eventually the 12th of 15. He went to Michigan State on a track scholarship, where he ran mostly relays, but failed to make a name for himself. His best performance was a fourth in the 1976 NCAA cross-country, which was won by a Washington State freshman named Henry Rono.

After graduation in 1977, Lindsay taught elementary school physical education in Okemos, Michigan. He kept running, hoping to make the 1980 Olympics, but it seemed unlikely that he would ever progress beyond the local level. Eventually, against the advice of family and friends, he packed up his wife Terry, moved to Boulder, took a part-time job and began to concentrate on his training. Lindsay had seldom run more than 75 miles a week. In Colorado he began to put in up to 125 miles. Last July he won a silver medal in the 5,000 at the Pan Am Games. Then, starting in late August, he won five straight road races to earn his No. 1 ranking. In the Midland, Lindsay called on his new confidence to hold off Viren and then sprinted home to beat the Finn by 40 meters in 43:54. Meyer was third, while Quax finished seventh in 44:54, the last man to break the 45-minute barrier.

Rono merely finished. It didn't take him as long as the trip from Nairobi, but it took him longer than a lot of the women, including Lyons, who won by more than a minute in 51:50. Gareau, in her first non-marathon performance, was fourth in 53:43.

Lindsay still hopes to make the 1980 Olympic team in the 10,000, but he admitted, "I like road racing better than the track." Why not? He is a celebrity of the road after years of anonymity on the track, and he clearly likes being the center of attention.

In fact, he sends out a report of 10 pages or so that he calls the *Lindsay News Letter* and that keeps readers abreast of his doings. The *News Letter* was originally a shortcut to touching base with family and close friends, but as Lindsay has become more recognized, the mailing list has grown. It now numbers 58. After Sunday's race, the folks in Far Hills may well be subscribing to it along with *The Thoroughbred Record*. **END**

A TIGHT END WHO HANGS REAL LOOSE

For Russ Francis of the New England Patriots, life is one continuous luau and the past is what you leave behind

by E. M. SWIFT

In April the weather on the north shore of Oahu can be pretty foul, and now it was windy and overcast for the third straight day. "You really want to jump in this?" asked Mike Gennis, a two-time member of the world-champion U.S. skydiving team. Gennis has 2,100 jumps to his credit and California license plates that read AIRGASM but he himself was clearly reluctant to jump.

Russ Francis, erstwhile skydiving student and budding skydiving nut—and tight end for the New England Patriots—nodded eagerly. For the past week Gennis and Merle Clawson—the indefatigable Claw, Francis' best friend in the whole wide world—had been teaching Francis how to skydive so that a world-famous aerial photographer could get a shot of him jumping out of a helicopter. The whole thing had probably started back in 1978, at the Pro Bowl game in Tampa, when Clawson mentioned to an ABC fact finder that Francis had promised to learn to parachute that summer. Somewhere along the way that information was exaggerated, and by the time it came out of Howard Cosell's mouth during the game, Francis was already a skydiver. Stories of his prowess had persisted and now, two years and 25 dives later, Francis was ready to back them up. Besides, to invent a word, Francis is a photophile. He loves having his picture taken. It would take more than a stiff breeze to stop him.

"You've got an advantage over me in this wind," Gennis pointed out. Gennis weighs 135 pounds, Francis 240.

Francis stopped buckling up his harness. "You're the expert, brah. If you don't think it's *safe, just tell me.*"

"You're the guy with 25 jumps, brah. *I'll* survive."

"If you don't think I will, say so."

"You sure you want to?"

"Survive?"

"Jump."

"Look, if it's too windy for *you* . . "

"It's not too windy for me, brah."

"What do you say then?"

"Blue skies."

So up they went, Clawson taking them to an altitude of about 6,500 feet in Francis' helicopter. It is illegal to parachute through cloud cover, but with the copter they could hover until a hole opened up. More hazardous was the wind, which was gusting to around 25 mph and could easily carry a novice like Francis the quarter mile to the Pacific. (Drowning is the primary cause of death among skydivers.) Or, should he overcompensate, into the boar- and scorpion-infested bush from which the Dillingham Airfield drop zone was carved. Other dangers—appreciably more remote—included the possibility of Francis' leaping up into the helicopter blades upon his exit and, of course, the chance that his parachute wouldn't open.

Skydivers speak of this last misfortune with a sort of gallows humor, often crying, "Blue skies! Black death! Bleep! Skydive!" at odd moments. The Grim Reaper is an everpresent member of their fraternity, a fact that was impressed upon Francis when he was ordering his skydiving suit. He told Gennis he wanted it trimmed in earth tones—tan, rust, brown, chocolate. Gennis grinned.

"Bounce and blend, eh?"

"Bounce and blend?"

"Bounce . . . " Gennis said, dipping his fingertips earthward to depict an unchecked plummet that suddenly comes to a halt. Then his palms went flat and slowly spread outward. " . . . and blend." Earth tones, you know.

Over Oahu a hole opened in the clouds, and Francis, taking care to duck, waved at a camera boomed out from the struts of the helicopter and flung himself earthward, following Gennis. Freefalling, they flew to each other and touched

continued

When the Patriots are on TV, Hawaiians eagerly wait for favorite son Francis to flash the shaka



hands. "Hello, brah." From the ground, the Whuffos pointed and gasped. Whuffos, it should be known, are direct descendants of the farmers into whose fields the earliest parachutists came down. "Whuffo you jump out of parachutes?" the farmers would ask, approximately.

To which the standard skydiver reply was, "I don't jump out of parachutes. That would be really dumb, to jump out of parachutes."

Had Darwin been a skydiver, the Whuffo would have fit in nicely just below the sponge.

After a freefall of about 25 seconds, Gennis and Francis deployed at 2,500 feet, their chutes bright squares of color in the gray sky. The Whuffos cheered. Expertly working his directional lines, driving his ram-air chute into the wind, Francis maneuvered to the middle of the drop zone and touched down softly, causing a local instructor to grumble, "I don't mind him picking up skydiving, but what makes me mad is he's so good at it. It took me two years to get to where he is right now."

In a minute the waiflike Gennis landed slightly downwind. Stumbling to his knees, he retrieved his chute. "That's enough of that," Gennis said with relief. "It's time to drink beer and cavort with women."

Skydivers are by nature a hedonistic lot, and their motto consists of three words. The first is eat, and the third is skydive.

Clawson set down the helicopter, obviously pleased with the progress his best friend in the whole wide world had made since his second jump, when he had landed in the junglelike bush bordering the drop zone. The camera on the copter had worked perfectly. "That'll be a hot shot, brah," Clawson said. "You're not falling like a greased manhole cover anymore. You went down almost like a normal person." Said Francis, grinning and still pumping adrenaline, "It's fun .. the clouds. Pulling in the clouds ... it's all fun."

Said Clawson, "Sure it is, brah. It's a common fact that skydivers have more fun than real people."

Said Francis, "I don't care what anybody says, catching a touchdown pass, playing in a Pro Bowl, playing in a Super Bowl—well, I've never played in a Super Bowl, but I don't care what you name—skydiving is a thrill that beats them all."

Football. It is not a favorite off-season topic of Francis' He claims that he cannot even remember what the Patriots' record was last season (9–7), only that it left them short of the playoffs. In his five years with the Patriots, on paper one of the better teams in the NFL during that period, the club has been in only two postseason games and has lost both. Says one NFL coach, "There's a missing element there somewhere, and it could be character."

Francis, the Patriots' player representative, denies this, blaming injuries to key players for the team's reversals. There have also been some unusual distractions—the 1977 holdouts of All-Pro offensive linemen John Hannah and Leon Gray; Darryl Stingley's crippling injury; the bizarre resignation of Coach Chuck Fairbanks on the eve of the 1978 playoffs. "That sort of stuff creates a lot of turmoil," Francis says. "There were times



in the past when I didn't think the team was getting along. But I had a really good feeling about us last year."

A vicious blocker blessed with outside speed (4.6 in the 40), the 6′ 6″, 240-pound Francis is regarded as the prototypical tight end. Yet after catching 35 passes as a rookie in 1975, he was held to 26 and 16 receptions in 1976 and 1977 respectively, prompting critics to contend that Fairbanks was not properly exploiting Francis' talents.

"If Steve Grogan [the Patriots' quarterback] was a jerk, or didn't know what he was doing," Francis says, "I might have said to the coach, 'Hey, let me help the team out and catch a few balls.' But I wasn't unhappy. The team was going pretty well. The next year, I promised Steve my first child. It was a drastic move, but after three years I was getting pretty desperate."

Francis cannot discuss football without throwing in such a line every couple of minutes. But his humor isn't always well received. A couple of years ago defensive linemen around the league were not particularly flattered when Francis estimated their IQs as five points higher than geraniums'. What Francis said, in fact, was that if their IQs were five points lower, they would *be* geraniums. "They proved me right, though," he says. "Every time I picked myself up the next few weeks, all they could do was grunt at me. 'Yuh, yuh, yuh,' " Francis grunts, rolling his eyes.

In 1978 Francis had a big year, with 39 catches for 543 yards and four touchdowns. It was the first time he had led the Patriots in receptions. Then last season new Coach Ron Erhardt opened up New England's offense, and Francis, though he had suffered multiple injuries in a motorcycle accident the previous January, was among the league leaders over the first half, with 29 receptions and five TDs after eight games.

"If you've got tight ends that can do the same things as your wide receivers, you're just more flexible," Erhardt says. "Francis gets deep quick, and he can run after the catch. He really got his reputation as a great blocker and a deep threat. Before now, his reputation as a receiver has always been average at best."

At midseason the Patriots were riding high with a 6–2 record and a one-game lead over Miami in the AFC East. Francis was having his best season ever and threatening to supplant Oakland's Dave Casper as the premier tight end in football. Then came the injuries. Kicked in the back during the Patriots' 28–13 defeat of Miami at Foxboro on Oct. 21, Francis cracked a transverse process—one of the appendages extending from the vertebrae.

He missed the next two games, returning in time for the 45–10 humiliation in the snow at Denver. Then he suffered a severe concussion in a Thursday night game at Miami on Nov. 29—the Patriots lost, 39–24—which forced him to miss the final two games of the season. New England limped home 3–5 in the second half, losing a playoff berth to the Dolphins by a game. Nevertheless, Francis had caught 39 passes for 557 yards and five touchdowns, stats as good as any in his career.

The night Francis learned about the cracked bone in his back, Colby Jones, a friend from Hawaii, was visiting him at

continued

Freefalling with instructor Mike Gennis, Francis (right), still a skydiving novice, battles the stiff winds and tries not to "fall like a greased manhole cover."





Francis here blocking out two linebackers, denies charges that he is not totally dedicated to football

his house in Wrentham. Mass. Jones, a vice-president of a marine-supply company, had a cast on his leg, the result of a tumble down Francis' stairwell at 3 a.m. while searching for the bathroom. They were sitting in the library, virtually immobile. Francis, his back ramrod straight, had a six-pack of Michelob in his lap so he wouldn't have to lean forward to grab one. One thing about Francis: he's not a complainer. He may go moody and sullen on you, but he won't gripe.

Unable to move, they talked, first about flying—Francis has been a licensed pilot since he was 21—then about other things. Francis is a keen, but impulsive, student of other things. He throws himself into pursuits with abandon and, having experienced them, abandons them for new ones. He was a fine enough pitcher in baseball to be drafted in the ninth round by the Kansas City Royals in 1974. He set the national high school javelin record of 259′ 9″, and while at the University of Oregon he just missed making the Olympic team.

Francis used to hang glide. He used to wrestle professionally for his father, wrestler and wrestling promoter Big Ed Francis, who is now a scout for the Patriots. He used to play college football, too, but before his senior year, miffed that his old coach at Oregon—Dick Enright—had been fired, he quit. He wants to go to law school. He'd like to be a vet. He started an air-charter business in the Islands (Clawson was his chief pilot), buying one plane and one helicopter and leasing four other planes, but after two years the novelty wore off and expenses mounted; now the operation has been virtually closed. Still, that business gave him a good excuse to study celestial navigation.

Closer to earth, Francis went rodeoing when he was 18 and living in Oregon. He tells about the first bull he rode and the kindly old cowboy who helped him rig the bull rope, pulling it tighter and tighter and finally wrapping it once around Francis' thumb, so that the last thing he heard as they opened the chute was, "Hey! Somebody put a suicide hitch on that guy!" And Big Red, the bareback bronc that could buck your arm right out of its socket—"the most exhilarating experience I'd had up to that time, besides diving off cliffs in Hawaii and wrestling a couple of sharks."

Next, Francis is off in the wild blue again, musing on the time he was flying Phil Villapiano, the linebacker Oakland recently traded to Buffalo, in his plane. Francis says he turned the plane upside down, remarking to Villapiano, "Now, about that interference call last year." Some of the stories might even be true.

"So much of it is just beer talk," says Jones. "I have never seen him do anything that a prudent man wouldn't do. I have flown with him, sailed with him, drunk with him, and I can honestly say that the craziest thing I have ever seen him do is play football. Even the motorcycle accident was just that—an accident. It wasn't as if he was fooling around. It wasn't even a Sunday ride. He was just going from one place to another to watch a football game."

The mishap occurred on Jan. 7, 1979, when Francis drove his Harley-Davidson into a turning car. He was in a daze for two days, and suffered broken bones in his left ankle, right wrist and left hand, and severe gashes above his eye and in his right foot. Francis was in a wheelchair for a month and, as a result of not being able to run, reported to training camp out of condition. Asked whether he would ban motorcycles in the future, Erhardt said, "If you don't let a guy like Russ ride motorcycles, he's just going to jump out of parachutes or something even worse."

Good read, Ron, you old Whuffo.

The day after the skydiving outing, Clawson was sitting beside a freshly butchered 192-pound pig that had been selected for Francis' 27th birthday luau, which was to take place at Waialua. It hadn't been a quiet pig in death, and there was a vaguely unsettled feeling in everyone from hearing its squeals after it had been stuck. Francis had chosen that time to go out for beer. "He can't stand to see animals suffer, even a damn fly," Clawson said. "He hates hunting. Boy, he just hates it."

The Hawaiian family that owned the pig farm, the Madeiroses, had seen Francis on *Monday Night Football*. Mr. Madeiros thought the Patriots would win the championship if they gave Francis the

ball more. Mrs. Madeiros had never met him before, but she could see that he was Big Ed Francis' boy. She could tell that, all right. Francis paid them for the pig, and the pickup bounced down the rutted drive with Clawson and Francis and some others in the back with the pig, waving *mahalo*, Colby Jones following behind in a Blazer, and everyone with that vaguely unsettled feeling.

"He's a local boy that did well," said Jones, "and people like to see hometown boys do well wherever. He's got just as many fans here as he does in Boston."

Later, Francis would say, "The proudest thing in my life is that *I* come from Hawaii. [Actually, he was born in Washington and moved to Hawaii before he entered first grade.] People here are different. Back East, people are into getting dressed up; it's more superficial. They come right up to you during dinner and ask for an autograph. Here, they say, 'Hey Francis" and give me the *shaka* sign. If I go to a friend's house and he's not there, I'll sit down and wait for him. Or if I want to get up and sing at a bar, I just do it. In Boston, I'd have to worry about bombing out."

The *shaka* sign is a Hawaiian greeting made palm-forward, with just the thumb and little finger extended. For every NFL football game that features the Patriots, hundreds of Hawaiians gather around their TV sets, waiting for Francis to flash them the *shaka*. One year he managed it during an interview, but the TV network apparently presumed the sign to be obscene and didn't show it.

Back at the beach the pig was hung out of reach of the dogs, and Clawson organized the digging of the pit and the laying of the wood and the lava rocks. At 5:30 the next morning the fire was started and the pig cut down and marinated in soy sauce. By 10:30 the round lava stones were red hot and ready. First, flattened banana stalks were laid over the stones, then banana leaves and *ti* leaves, and finally the pig itself, wrapped in chicken wire. A half-dozen of the heated stones were already inside the pig, so it sizzled and steamed, and the sweet smell of fresh meat was in the air. "Just like training camp, eh, Russell?" someone suggested.

"What's its name?"

"Its name?" Francis said. "Can't you see the No. 73 on its side?"

More *ti* leaves were laid on top, then strips of wet burlap. The entire mound was then pinned beneath a canvas tarp and covered with sand. The sand was sprayed with water to hold it in place. The *imu* was completed. In six hours the pig would be done.

No. 73 is John (Hog) Hannah, the Patriots' All-Pro guard, and in the off-season a farmer in Alabama. In the middle of last season Hannah criticized Francis in print for not putting out, and even now it takes all of Francis' restraint to shrug off the remarks. "To the press and fans," Hannah was quoted as saying, "it's Russ Francis this, Russ Francis that. But here's a guy with more talent in his finger than I have in my whole body, who doesn't use it. If Russ would bust his hump, nobody would know who Dave Casper *was*. But he doesn't."

Hannah later claimed to have been misquoted, but he essentially repeated himself, saying, "What I said was that Russ had more ability than I do and that if he humped his butt, he'd be the best in the NFL."

"I was a little surprised when he came out with that," Francis says now. "I was playing hurt at the time. I don't talk about things like that. Everybody plays hurt in football. John plays hurt, too, and doesn't say anything about it. He's just a very intense guy. I feel very sorry for the guys who line up across from him in practice, because he's the only guy out there who puts out 100% all the time. John and I are very different people. My idea of living is this." Francis stops here to inspect the goings-on at the luau—sun, volleyball, music, beer—then goes on, "John's is working on a farm in Alabama.

"People view Russ Francis as being unconcerned or not spending the proper time thinking about football. But I take out what I have to learn from every game, then I leave it behind me. I don't say anything after a game, so people think, 'He's not very dedicated.' But a loss affects me more than anyone will ever know. It's a state of mind. I'm not into being unhappy, so I don't concentrate on that very much. Hawaiian people say, 'Ain't no big thing, brah.' To us, there's no thing big enough to be unhappy about. It doesn't do any good to fold your tent, as they say. I've had good times and some bad times, but I don't talk about the bad times. It's part of life. You go on with it. Hawaiians think it's a waste of time to brood about the past. You could be out fishing instead. People always talk about 'Hawaiian time,' how everything's late. Well, it's late because they're not rushing, that's all."

It's easy to see how that philosophy would occasionally produce conflict on a professional football team, especially a team based in Boston, where you will be honked at and scorned for not running the first five seconds of a red light. Nothing under the sun—even the scorching Hawaiian sun—is new, however. When the first Boston missionaries arrived in the Islands in 1820 and sought permission from King Liholiho to establish a settlement in Honolulu, they were told they couldn't expect an answer in less than six months. "It's the Hawaiian way," the king's messenger informed them.

"It's not for everybody," Francis says. "To scuba and surf and skydive every day . . . it's too much fun for some people to handle."

Francis denies the prevailing reports that his avowed goal is to be accepted as the best tight end in football, to be as good at that position as anyone who has ever played the game. Injuries, and perhaps maturity, have changed him.

"I've learned not to be too carried away with what you have or think you have," he says. "No matter what you do, somebody will come along who'll do it better. My goal is to get out of football healthy and in one piece—and, of course, play in the Super Bowl." He adds this as an afterthought, lip service to the god of his profession. "I'm going into this season with the same expectations that I've had the last three years. We can play with anyone on any given day. If it's in the stars, we'll be in the Super Bowl."

From his real God, he wants rainbows. Driving along the Oahu coast, the top down on his convertible, the sun breaking through the clouds and turning the Pacific green, he sees one. It is a perfect arch across a valley.

"Look at that," he says. "The solid colors. That's a blessing. That means a blessing." He drives along, looking for more. "My whole soul is here. I don't want to challenge anybody, especially God, but I don't see how I could be unhappy in Hawaii."

Then he looks up and says, "That's no challenge, God." He suddenly raises his hand and waves. "You hear me? That's no challenge!" **END**

On this bright spring afternoon the Toronto Blizzard is playing its first home game of the NASL season. A fresh breeze off Lake Ontario snaps the flags to attention at Exhibition Stadium. Air quality is excellent, except inside the small box reserved for the Blizzard's executives, where it has turned a crackling, barracks-room blue. And not only from the Romeo y Julieta cigar burning unheeded in front of the big man with a silver-fringed haircut that would have looked just right on Caesar Augustus.

"Get up, Willie, you bloody Scottish lump!" he snarls. It is about the mildest comment he has made all afternoon. Mercifully way out of earshot, Willie McVie, in the No. 5 jersey for the Blizzard, staggers to his feet and gets on with the game against the Rochester Lancers. Like his teammates, McVie has made a nervous start. Even so, he is probably not quite as nervous as the man in the executive box, where the undeleted expletives are now ankle-deep.

This is Clive Toye, the man who relentlessly pursued Pelé for four years for the Cosmos, who brought Franz Beckenbauer to New York, who, with Phil Woosnam, the NASL's present commissioner, kept pro soccer in the U.S.A. precariously alive in the dark days of 1969 when the league was reduced to five

THE DAY PELE SPLIT HIS PANTS—AND OTHER COUPS

Who bagged the Black Pearl? Frisked Germany of Franz? Why, Clive Toye, a man riding out a Blizzard

by CLIVE GAMMON



From the bunkers of the dying NASL, pioneer Toye—and the league—have risen prodigiously.

teams, the same Clive Toye who, late last year, inexplicably linked his career with what seemed to be one of the least fashionable teams in the league.

Unfashionable you could never call the man himself. His style is a striking amalgam of the dashing and the dignified. The short, piratical beard is counterpoised by a light, almost dandified suit. Both are set off by the solid cigar. And Toye's first action as the Blizzard's new president early this year was stylish, too.

In 1979 the Toronto team's spring-training headquarters had been a $15-a-night motel on the cluttered, touristy highway close to Dunedin, Fla. This year the Blizzard sent their postcards home from the elegant Hotel Dom João II, which has for its setting the pink beaches of the Algarve, the delicately beautiful southern coast of Portugal, where, money-eyed Europeans will tell you, you simply have to go in February to see the almond trees in blossom.

There was a good, practical reason for the trip. "When you're down and out, order champagne," the old precept goes. Or, as translated by Toye, make the boys feel good and they'll play good. And in Toronto there seemed to be plenty of scope for improvement. Last year the Blizzard had a miserable start, losing seven of its first eight games. *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN



Toronto ended the season with a 14–16 record, just good enough for a brief encounter with the Cosmos in the first round of the playoffs.

All in all, it was difficult at first to credit the news that Toye had gone to the Blizzard, though there were cynics who suggested that the move might have been connected with the easy availability of fine Cuban cigars in Canada. However, the franchise had been financially transformed some months before Toye's arrival: there was new ownership, Global Communications Ltd., a Canadian TV company, and a new sponsor, Molson, the Canadian beer firm. The resources available to Toye might not be on the Warner Communications/Cosmos scale, but he wouldn't be scratching for money, either. Not that, in a career which spans the history of the NASL, Toye is unused to weathering tough patches.

Toye is 47 now. He saw his first game of soccer in the U.S. in 1961, when, as a Fleet Street sportswriter, he was covering a Harvard-Yale-Oxford track meet. As a diversion, he went to watch one of those artificial "tournaments" set up for major league European soccer teams in their off season. "Sometimes a game would draw as many as 1,200 people," he recalls, "and it made a solid two paragraphs in the London *Daily Express* sports section."

Five years later, when the idea of a serious professional soccer league in North America began to be aired, Toye found himself helping out, making contacts for the new venture in Europe. The 1966 World Cup had been played in England, and when it was over, Toye felt the anticlimax sharply. He had been covering soccer for 17 years and was ripe for something new. When he was offered the general managership of the new Baltimore Bays, he said, "Why, yes. For two years, anyway."

Ironically, it was almost exactly two years later that Toye and Woosnam were sitting in what Toye calls a "bloody great pile of rubble," more precisely the almost-defunct league's last bunker, the visitors' locker room in Atlanta Stadium, from which the pair of them administered the five remaining teams. "Five was pitiful," says Toye, "and soon it looked as if it would be an impossible four. But then Baltimore, which was about to defect, decided to give it another year. We survived. Just barely."

Woosnam and Toye, who, appropriately, comes from Plymouth, can claim fair title as founding fathers of the NASL. Toye himself could have headed back to Fleet Street at this juncture. Nobody had forgotten his nationally known byline. But they sat it out in Atlanta, which was not, incidentally, the first bunker in which Toye had found himself. As an 18-year-old he had put in frontline time with the First Commonwealth Division in Korea.

Now, in the executive box at Exhibition Stadium, he seemed to be in yet another bunker. The Blizzard had lost its first two road games—narrowly against Fort Lauderdale and somewhat less so against Atlanta. Thirty minutes into its home debut, the team was playing an erratic game, featuring ill-directed passes that had Toye burying his head in his hands when he wasn't turning the air sulfurous.

It had been a matter for regret that the unglamorous Lancers were the opposition on opening day. Now, horrifyingly, it looked as if they might even win. With comic mistiming, an aide poked his head in to say that the Rochester owners were unhappy with the seats they had been allocated. What saved him from transfixion by Toye's golden pencil was a neat header by Drew Busby that put the Blizzard a goal up. And when, after settling down to a better pattern, Toronto went ahead 2–0 about four minutes later, Toye became relaxed enough to eat a halftime sandwich, an event that reminded him of a very different sandwich-munching occasion.

For months in 1969 Toye and Woosnam had held out in that Atlanta locker room. Then, somehow, they scraped

continued



Never noted as a soccer player, Toye added a footnote to his Toronto presidency during a practice



Why wait for Christmas?

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.


RONRICO
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
(25.4 FL. OZ.)
BOTTLED IN PUERTO RICO
EXTRA DRY - WHITE
RONRICO
Est.
1860
NO RUM REFLECTS
PUERTO RICO
LIKE RONRICO.
Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.
RONRICO: AUTHENTIC
RUM OF PUERTO RICO.
General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 80 proof

enough money together to rent a small office on Peachtree Street. It was a moment, they felt, worth marking. So they scheduled a press conference They dug into their own pockets for modest refreshments—pastries, sandwiches, soft drinks—for maybe 25 people They laid the food out with loving care. By noon, everything was set.

"At 12:30 p.m.," said Toye, "nobody had come. At 1 p.m., still nobody." He started to panic then. What if somebody were to come late, somebody important, a *sports editor* even? All that untouched food wouldn't look good. "So we slopped the coffee in the saucers," he said. "We bit into the sandwiches, we crumbled the pastries up. We made it look like the leavings of a mob scene. And then, at last, somebody came.

"It was plain that the man had lunched very lavishly already," Toye recalls. "I don't think he knew where he was. He picked up a release, yawed around a little, discovered there was no booze and departed, sneering. I never found out who he was. All in all, it was a fairly black moment."

Even when the NASL was as deep in the dumps as that, though, Toye and Woosnam indulged in what must at the time have seemed idiotic dreams, one of which was to bring Pelé to the U.S.—in particular, to New York. There wasn't even a New York franchise in those days—the Generals had gone under in the slaughter of 1968. Not until 1971, three years later, with a staff of five and a top wage for players of $75 a game, would the Cosmos start to play at Randall's Island

It would have been pointless to sign Pelé at this stage. "The professionalism was at a low level," Toye points out. "The 10 media people who knew us and the 5,000 people who watched us—occasionally—knew we were serious, but nobody else did." Nevertheless, Toye made a pitch for Pelé as early as February 1971, in Jamaica.

Between that date and his formal signing on June 9, 1975 at the Princess Hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda—the date America started to take soccer seriously—there were uncounted phone calls, yards of Telex messages and dozens of meetings between Toye and Pelé in hotels from the Via Veneto to São Paulo. It was a global manhunt that Toye himself now can scarcely put in chronological sequence

But two meetings among the many still stand out in his mind. The first was in the Intercontinental Hotel in Frankfurt in 1974, when West Germany was hosting the World Cup Toye got hold of Pele just after the Brazilian had dramatically rejected his president's call to return to the national soccer team; Pelé also had declared that he would soon retire from his club, Santos

"I'll never play again," Pelé told Toye abruptly. Toye was aware that the pitch had to be very low-key. "How about some clinics?" Toye inquired humbly.

"All right, I'll run some clinics for you." Pelé said. Inwardly Toye was triumphant. He had his foot in the door. He timed his next shot for two weeks after that last game for Santos, when Toye believed Pele might be regretting his decision, when he would be vulnerable. Toye went down to São Paulo, but found he was only partly right. Pelé was psychologically ripe, he was reacting against the finality of a last game, but now he was talking about going to a prestigious European club—Real Madrid, maybe, or Juventus of Turin.

Toye still refused to quit. He kept calling Pelé, kept Telexing him He met Pelé again in Santos, then in New York. He kept urging him: "Play for New York and you'll change the lives of American kids. Play for Real and you'll just win them another championship."

Toye was close to exhaustion, he now admits, when the second of the two crucial meetings occurred. He had pursued Pelé to Brussels, where the Brazilian had played in a charity exhibition for the retiring captain of the Belgian national team, and the morning after the game he had Pelé corralled in his motel room at the airport. "I knew that I was making my last effort," Toye acknowledges. "I didn't have the strength to keep going. It was my last pitch.

" 'For God's sake, Pelé,' I kept saying, 'come and play for us in New York for three years.' And all the time I was talking, these famous players kept coming into the room to hug him and kiss him goodby—Rivelino of Brazil, Eusebio of Portugal, Paul Van Himst, the Belgian captain. The scene was chaotic. Every time somebody left I would start my speech all over again.

"Pelé had started to pack now. He was leaving for Morocco. And what should he do but split his pants. So he rings for the chambermaid and asks her for a fast sewing job. I'm still talking when she comes back. She has his pants in one hand, a camera in the other, and the tears are rolling down her cheeks.

" 'Please, sir,' she says to me, 'take a picture of me with Pelé.' She sobbed that her husband had had a ticket for last night's game but that two weeks ago he had died of a heart attack. So her son went with the precious ticket instead. She wanted a snapshot for her fatherless son as a remembrance.

"I was distraught," Toye says, "I was taking this picture, and, you know, I could appreciate this poor soul's anguish, but all the time I was thinking, 'In two hours Pelé will be on the plane to Morocco, and, oh, God, I can't go through all this again.' "

And then—and Toye will never know what effect the bereaved chambermaid had on Pelé, who is a sentimental man—quite suddenly Pelé got up and locked the door. He said, "O.K., Toye, I will play for the Cosmos I will play for two years for $3 million."

Toye grabbed a piece of motel stationery out of a drawer; Pelé wrote down what he had said and then signed it. "It was for too much money, and for too short a time, but he'd said he'd *play*" Toye still exults as he retells the story. "I went off and I had several drinks. 'By God!' I kept saying over to myself. 'This is it! This is it!' "

That piece of paper headed "G.B. Motor Inn, Brussels" now hangs framed in Toye's office. He also treasures the first press lead of the Pelé story. It came from the Rochester *Times-Union*, and the drift of the story was "Pelé Signing a Publicity Hoax." The chance of Pelé playing for the Cosmos, said the paper, was roughly equivalent to that of Moshe Dayan flying a MIG for the Egyptian Air Force. The image was valid enough in those days.

There were still months of negotiations to come before the final deal was made—$2.8 million for three years and, for the Cosmos, perpetual and worldwide rights to the use of the Pelé name. But the real breakthrough came on the morning of the split pants.

Now, in Toronto, Toye has nothing like that kind of money to play with, but the zest of the chase is still there. At a party for the Blizzard last February, he admitted to being a little tired, even as he mingled, encouraged, exhorted. Five days earlier he had flown to Italy hoping

continued

to sign Albertino Bigon, captain of A.C. Milan. But the trip had gone badly from the start. Both Milan airports had been socked in, and his flight was diverted to Turin. He made it partway to Milan on a bus, then flagged down a cab. When he got into the city he bought an evening paper. The main sports story was headlined BIGON IN HOSPITAL. But the injury turned out to be minor, and by Saturday he had arranged a deal. That was fine, because not only did Toronto need a solid midfielder like Bigon, but it also, and badly, needed an Italian. Toronto has a huge Italian population. "Then," says Toye wearily, "on Sunday the Milan club reneged. Still," he says, brightening, "I got some of those excellent, gorgeous Tuscan sausages. And I still have Francesco Morini of Juventus on my list. And Andrea Orlandini of Florence . . ."

Since then Morini has signed with the Blizzard, but Italian players do not necessarily bring Toye much luck. In the late spring of 1977 he had followed up his Pelé triumph by signing Beckenbauer, the captain of West Germany's World Cup-winning team of 1974, for the Cosmos. To the sophisticates of world soccer it was an even more impressive coup than the Pelé deal. Pelé, after all, was retired. The row in Germany over what was considered the poaching of their captain still rages. For Toye, the signing of Beckenbauer was a magnificent, imaginative achievement.

However, four months later Toye was no longer president of the Cosmos. He had been shunted to a vague consultant's post, and the word quickly spread that he was the victim of a palace revolution in which another of his signees, Giorgio Chinaglia, was said to be chief knife-wielder. Chinaglia, it was noted, seemed to have unusual influence on the Cosmos. He even had his own office at Warner Communications. Not even Pele had been accorded that privilege.

Now, somewhat more than two years later, Toye says coldly and a little arrogantly, "I never had a falling-out with Giorgio. I don't put myself in a position where I fall out with players."

Nevertheless, shortly after his demotion, at the 1977 Soccer Bowl, Toye—just as coldly—confessed to a small ambition. He wanted to spend the winter scouring the lower divisions of the European leagues for the least subtle, most intimidatingly physical central defender he could find, just to play him in one game—for the Chicago Sting, which Toye had recently joined, against the Cosmos. It might involve a little man-on-man coverage of Chinaglia.

"I signed Giorgio," Toye says. "He



In June 1975 a beardless Toye exuberantly bearded Pelé

was desperate to come to the Cosmos, and I went through incredible contortions to get him away from Lazio of Rome. Of course, he had never been the class of Pelé or Beckenbauer, but his success in New York led a lot of not very knowledgeable people to assume that, and maybe he believed it. What I did not care for were Giorgio's derogatory comments about Pelé, but he's not the only player whom I'd liked to have kicked in the arse."

In August of 1978 Toye headed for Chicago, where attendance was running about 3,500 a game, but in the end it turned out to be a side trip for Toye, a wasted two years, simply because certain promises that had been made to him failed to materialize.

"They told me when I went to Chicago that there would be a new domed stadium in the city within three years," he says. "Mayor Bilandic, before he got unelected, told me that. Meantime, we were playing our home games in two different stadiums—Soldier Field and Wrigley Field. Some weekends, even I couldn't remember which bloody stadium we were supposed to be at.

"Then, last July, I was told that we wouldn't even be able to use those two in 1980. I found myself in touch with Jacksonville, Nashville, St. Louis, Indianapolis, New Orleans, looking for *anyplace* to play in 1980.

"The last straw was over the super indoor tournament we were planning for a brand-new arena being built at Rosemont. Then I come into the city one morning and find the roof has fallen in. No outdoor stadium, no indoor arena. It was time to quit. It was a side trip."

However, considering the abysmal state of Chicago soccer when he found it, one should not judge Toye too harshly. He left the franchise in much better shape. Attendance had gone to about 8,400 a game, with twice that many when the Cosmos came to town. He also left a core of solid playing strength.

Toronto is the latest challenge for Toye, the man of dark international soccer dealings, the man who will never lose his taste for the brilliant coup, the secret flight. A small example: at halftime in the Rochester game, a small airplane flew over Exhibition Stadium towing a banner that read WELCOME BACK, BLIZZARD! "I wonder who arranged that?" Toye said innocently.

A little nervousness is still there, too. The Blizzard goes ahead of the Lancers 3–0 in the second half, the game seems to be sewn up, and one of the Global Television executives ventures to remark that things are going well. Toye turns on him. "Seymour," he says, "don't ever say things like that. Not until the game is over."

When it is announced over the P.A. that the crowd is 22,051, Toye finally permits himself a smile. And then he is away to the locker room. "I want to rub it in to the boys that they're not second best, not second class," he says.

Second class? Never. That isn't the way Clive Toye travels. **END**

VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS

ULTRA TASTE!
ONLY ONE ULTRA LOW TAR HAS IT.



Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.


DATSUN
4
4x4
INTRODUCING THE DAT
DATSUN



SUN OF 4-WHEEL DRIVE

GRAB YOUR GEAR—the first 4x4s by Datsun are here! With the biggest choice of compact 4-wheel drive truck bodies in America. From the king size comfort of the new King Cab... to the king size capacity of Datsun long bed ...to Datsun's lowest priced Li'l Hustler. Four-wheelin' will never be the same now that Datsun's in the game!

TOUGH IN THE ROUGH, SMOOTH ON THE ROAD

Datsun takes 4-wheel drive where the competition's never been. With the highest minimum ground clearance in the class. Solid steel plates to protect underbody parts. A powerful overhead cam engine with double roller chain drive. A separate high/low range 4x4 transfer stick. That's enough built-in tough to tame the roughest road.

But there's plenty of beauty in the beast, too. The new Datsun 4x4s have independent front suspension and big 15-inch wheels to glide you along in road-smoothing comfort.

ROOMIEST COMPACT IN HISTORY

New Datsun King Cab. Over 7.1 cubic feet of inside storage space to shelter your gear. And only Datsun offers optional jump seats inside the cab! Now check out the standards: reclining buckets, tachometer, trip odometer, wrapped steering wheel, flip-out rear side windows, flip-down cargo light and the only standard 5-speed in the class. No 4x4 can treat you more like a king!

And if you need a long bed 4-wheeler, Datsun's the longest in the class with over 7 feet of cargo length.

BE GOOD TO YOUR LAND

Rugged as the Datsun 4x4s are, it's vitally important to respect the natural beauty of our wilderness land. Use 'em on the off-road roads, and in designated rec vehicle areas. That'll keep us all truckin' for a long time to come.

Visit your Datsun dealer, and test drive the hottest 4 wheels in America today—the 4x4s by Datsun.

4x4 DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

Some items shown are owner-installed custom options.

We're sailing up to Sport Ray-Ban this year.

Sport Ray-Ban® A world-class line of sport sunglasses, combining stunning good looks with exactly the right lenses for sports

The lenses sharpen vision They reduce glare



Some have mirror coatings—perfect for sports that need extra glare protection

For all sports, nothing matches Sport Ray-Ban AmberMatic™ mirrors The lenses change color to help you see better in any weather They're right for boating, hunting, skiing, you name it

Whatever your sport, insist on Sport Ray-Ban sunglasses In color-coordinated frames and lenses. At professional eyecare centers, sporting goods stores and other fine stores

Only from Bausch & Lomb, known the world over for superb Ray-Ban eyewear

SPORT Ray-Ban BY BAUSCH & LOMB





by JOE JARES

THE WRONG MAN BEHIND THE MIKE

At the beginning of his novel *Hawaii*, James A. Michener goes on for 13½ pages about the creation of the islands—volcanic eruptions, lichens borne by the winds, layers of coral—and I waded through the geography lesson knowing that eventually something more interesting than a sea-soaked coconut would wash ashore. In *Iberia*, he spends about 15 pages on the treasures of a Gothic cathedral in Toledo, and I stayed with him every syllable and El Greco of the way. But this Michenerphile couldn't finish *Sports in America*, a two-pound, 466-page tome published in 1976. At $12.50 it was either an expensive doorstop or a cheap cure for insomnia.

Now portions of *Sports in America* have been turned into a three-part miniseries for the Public Broadcasting Service. "The Black Athlete," which was shown March 17, "Women in Sports," shown April 21; and "Children in Sports," which will be aired May 19.

Michener is the narrator. He is dull and plodding, despite Writer/Producer/Director Bud Greenspan's efforts to brighten things by having him speak from such sporting venues as a boxing ring and the floor of the Los Angeles Coliseum. Michener the writer has brought ancient civilizations to life in his books, but Michener the talker could make a World Series triple play seem boring.

There is nothing wrong with a low-key approach if it fits the subject matter and the narrator has the easygoing on-camera charm of a Charles Kuralt or a Dick Cavett. But *Sports in America* purports to examine important issues seriously. While a Mike Wallace-style inquisitor might not have been in order, a narrator who at least brought some vigor to his presentation would've helped. With Michener failing to lend any sense of urgency to *Sports in America*, the series is left with only a few of the interviews with oldtime athletes and the rare film footage and still photographs dug up by Greenspan to recommend it.

"The Black Athlete" starts powerfully, with a contradictory, condescending and racist 1935 prefight introduction in Yankee Stadium. Ring Announcer Joe Humphries presents recently dethroned heavyweight champ Max Baer and then turns to the reigning titleholder in the other corner. "His worthy opponent, the new sensational pugilistic product—although colored, he stands out in the same class with Jack Johnson and Sam Langford—the idol of his people, none other than Joe Louis!"

That snippet of film has more bite than anything else in the segment, with the possible exception of Fred (Fritz) Pollard, an All-America halfback at Brown in 1916, telling how the Harvard and Yale players used to serenade him with *Bye Bye Blackbird*. And how, as a pro, on occasion he had to change his clothes in a cigar store because he wasn't allowed in the locker room.



POLLARD TOLD MICHENER OF RACISM IN THE IVIES AND THE PROS

Michener's message is that, while it's O.K. for black kids to dream of becoming the next Earl Campbell or Reggie Jackson, they had better pay attention to their classroom work, too. This is best illustrated by the case of Bill (The Hill) McGill, who made All-America at the University of Utah and was the NBA's first draft choice in 1962, but didn't succeed as a pro, later on he couldn't even succeed as a janitor. McGill's case, so similar to what is still happening almost 20 years later to highly recruited athletes all over the country, deserved more time and more hard questions—such as, how could McGill have gone to college for four years and still come out unprepared to get or hold an off-court job?

"The Black Athlete" gives us little more than blips: short film clip, short interview, short film clip, short interview. The "Women in Sports" and the upcoming "Children in Sports" segments have the same rhythm. Interesting footage of women's archery and swimming at the 1912 Stockholm Games, Aileen Riggin diving at the 1920 Antwerp Games, Elizabeth Robinson sprinting in the Amsterdam Olympics of 1928; a photo of Babe Didrikson in football gear, about to throw a pass. And interspersed quickie Michener interviews on women's struggles for recognition, scholarships and fair access to facilities. In one of them, Micki King-Hogue tells of having to sneak into the University of Michigan's men's pool to practice her dives.

In "Children in Sports" more than 25 interviews are crammed into the hour. Perhaps the most arresting moment occurs when Michener, 73, tells Jockey Steve Cauthen in a conversation that took place in 1979, "You know, I never wrote a word till I was 40 years old, and here you're at the top of your world reputation at 16. It shows how human beings can develop so differently."

"Women in Sports" suffers from an obvious omission. There is no interview with Billie Jean King, the prime figure in the advancement of women's tennis and probably the foremost spokeswoman for female athletes in general. Instead, Michener interviews Chris Evert Lloyd, a great champion but no pioneer. It seems that Greenspan's staff couldn't get by Billie Jean's staff to set up a King-Michener filming. That alone shows that women's sports have come a long way.

Michener's sermonette at the end of "Women in Sports" is this: "There are very few Babe Didriksons and Kathy Switzers, but then, too, there are very few Bruce Jenners or O.J. Simpsons. Women today must realize, like men, that sport and competition are the road to a healthier, happier life . . . that for women, the goals should not necessarily be to win, but to enjoy the benefits of participating in sport, both physically and emotionally."

"I'm James Michener."

And I'm waiting for Michener to put down the mike and write another novel. END

by Ron Fimrite

Has typewriter, will pitch

John Curtis of San Diego is showing his class in very different endeavors, journalism and baseball

Persons of a literary bent seem particularly vulnerable to seizures of despair, to those black moments when The Reaper himself is seen poised at the threshold. John Curtis, a lefthanded pitcher for the San Diego Padres and an aspiring author, was so afflicted only a year ago, when his baseball career appeared to be approaching an untimely end. In recalling that time, Curtis summons up images of a decidedly sepulchral nature. "I was not only buried," he says, "but they were heaping the dirt on me." It was then, when he was figuratively six feet under, that Curtis achieved a catharsis through self-examination. "I still had visions of becoming a big winner. Then I opened my eyes and saw what I really was. The two [the idealized Curtis and the real one] were as far apart as Maine and Arizona. I had reached the point where I had nothing to lose. I was only 31, and the end was near. I wanted to go out giving it my best shot I decided to fight for my life."

When he was given a rare—some might say "freak"—start for San Francisco against Los Angeles at Dodger Stadium on the night of May 30, 1979, Curtis had pitched only eight innings that season and had an earned run average of 13.50. The Giants' manager at the time, Joe Altobelli, was employing him as a long reliever, a role Curtis describes as "ignoble," because as Altobelli himself so aptly put it, "I want to use you to get through the order just once so I can get to my short men." Curtis wouldn't have been called out of the graveyard that night had not the Giants' pitching staff, then considered one of the best, been ravaged by illness (Ed Halicki's viral infection) and injury (John Montefusco's sore arm).

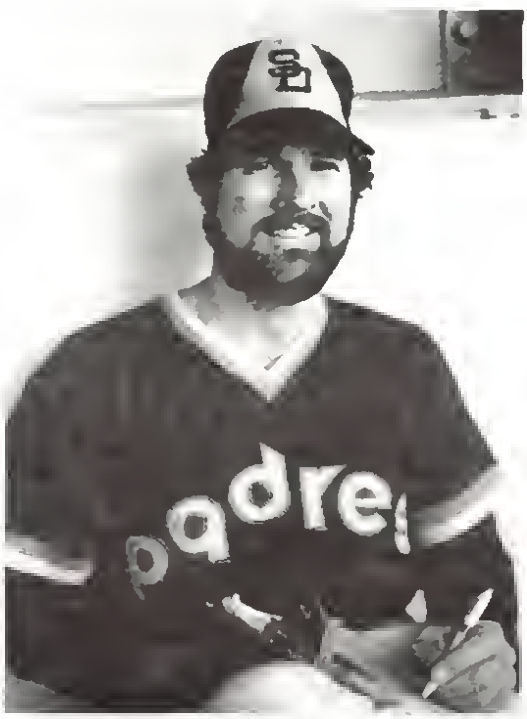
It would be agreeable to report that Curtis shut out the mighty Dodgers that night, but, alas, he didn't even win. He did survive seven innings, though, and except for home runs by Ron Cey and Davey Lopes, he might have been leading at the time of his departure, instead of being tied 5–5. Although the Giants eventually lost 6–5, Curtis had kept them in contention, and he had shown Altobelli that he had the stomach for starting. He also had awakened himself spiritually. "I knew I had to make the most of my opportunity," Curtis says. "I didn't know when I might be taken out of the rotation, so I scratched and clawed in every start." As a result, he became the only Giant starter with a record better than .500. His overall mark was 10–9 with a 4.17 ERA, and in games he started he was 9–7 and 3.57.

In more sensible times, such modest accomplishments might have merited a pat on the back and something extra in the paycheck. But when the Giants demonstrated little willingness to reward him according to the more extravagant standards of today, Curtis elected to become a free agent. He was selected by 14 teams in the reentry draft and was finally signed by the Padres to a whopping five-year, $1.8 million deal. His salary for this, the first season of the contract, is a reported $400,000, up from the comparatively pauperish $70,000 he received last year. "To borrow from Neil Simon," says *littérateur* Curtis, "this is chapter two of my career."

Curtis protests that he wasn't all that anxious to defect from the Giants. Even though he is New England-born and Long Island-raised, he loves San Francisco. "I don't know what it is, a zest, an effervescence, but I haven't found it anywhere else," he says. He and his wife Brenda will continue to make their permanent home in the Bay Area suburb of Foster City. Brenda, who works for a San Francisco department store, will commute south during Padre home stands.

Curtis simply didn't feel the Giants were all that keen on keeping him. "I was perfect trade bait," he says. "I became a free agent to escape that and to demonstrate to the Giants that I had a market value. You are asked what you are worth, and the only answer is what value other people put on you. I didn't become

continued



When Curtis writes for his team, he is charting a fellow pitcher

"World's Greatest Dad"



TROPHY STAND NOT AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

GIVE YOUR DRINKS OUR GOOD NAME.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin
makes the best drinks possible. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.

a free agent to get away from the Giants. I was only doing it to illustrate a point. The point must have been lost on them because they let me get away rather easily."

The Padres are getting a good return on their investment. Curtis beat New York 4–3 last Sunday, allowing all of his runs and three of his five hits in the first inning and lasting until two were out in the ninth. The victory evened his record at 2–2 and marked the third time in four starts he has thrown well. He pitched eight innings in a 4–2 defeat of the Giants, lasted into the ninth in a no-decision effort against Atlanta and into the seventh in a 3–1 loss to the Dodgers. And he is such a likable, intelligent, self-effacing person that his new teammates have fairly clasped him to their collective bosom. In baseball, it is called "class." "There are certain guys who have a little bit more of it than others," says Padre Pitcher John D'Acquisto. "John is one of those."

"John is dedicated, smart and a tough competitor in his own quiet way," says San Diego's new manager, Jerry Coleman. "He's such a bright man you can do all kinds of things with him. He reminds me a lot of Claude Osteen when he was with the Dodgers. He knows how to play."

Curtis is also learning how to write. He hopes that when he can no longer pitch, he will be able to earn a living practicing that treacherous craft. An English minor at Clemson, Curtis has dabbled in journalism throughout his baseball career. After joining the Giants in 1977, he composed two thoughtful essays for the op-ed page of the San Francisco *Examiner* that led to off-season work in the paper's sports department. At first he was employed as a special columnist, whose opinions could be surprisingly forthright: "From opening day to the final game, the Giants offered him [Pitcher Jim Barr] nothing but a cold shoulder." In the beginning his byline appeared with an explanatory note: "John Curtis, who pitches for the Giants, is an *Examiner* staff writer during the off-season." But last year, at Curtis' own request, he began to work as a reporter, covering such diverse subjects as pregame pranks at the Stanford-California football game and the soccer rivalry between the University of San Francisco and Santa Clara. His byline became the more professional "John Curtis, Staff Writer."

"This isn't a Dave Kingman case," says *Examiner* Sports Editor Charles Cooper, in reference to the whiney effusions of the Cub slugger that appear in the *Chicago Tribune*. "And we aren't asking him to play on the company softball team. John is doing newspaper work, and he's found out it isn't easy to write."

Curtis has learned that lesson so well that he is reluctant to attempt the great American baseball novel. "I have a lot to learn about the craft of writing before I can devote myself to the art of writing," he says. "My overriding purpose is to acquire a writer's discipline. I don't think of myself as a natural artist. I'm not deluding myself. The newspaper is my classroom. I'm learning just by being in the company of writers. Eventually, I'd like to follow a political candidate during an election, cover city hall, do movie reviews. But I have to start in an area that I'm familiar with. I'm in a testing period. I'm not certain I'll become a writer. I'm not certain I'll ever get that novel written. All I can do is write and learn and share with other writers."

Curtis' journalistic aspirations placed him in curious juxtaposition last season with his Giant teammates, many of whom displayed as much affection for a free press as did the former Squire of San Clemente. Curtis opposed his team's vote—later reversed—to restrict reporters' access to the clubhouse. "There was an underlying animosity in that decision," Curtis says. "I told them that responding to the public through the press is part of our responsibility. That didn't go over too well. When I first came up in the early '70s, it was accepted that you had to talk to the press. But there's a new generation of ballplayers growing up. Sports have reached such a position in our society that it's almost intoxicating. You can inhale the fumes of celebrity. It totally disorients you to real values and to a sense of your own worth. There is a kind of inflation here, too. People are turning every game into an event, every play into a spectacle. There is a tendency to make giant personalities out of very ordinary human beings."

Despite his unremarkable pitching record (67–72 entering this season), Curtis is no ordinary personality. As his new teammate, Outfielder Dave Winfield, perceptively observes, "Sometimes records don't indicate what a man's made of. I'm just pleased we've got someone like John Curtis."

THE WEEK

(April 27-May 3)

by HERM WEtSKOPF

AL EAST Manager Don Zimmer broke up a "love affair" and strained an old friendship as Boston (4–2) climbed into a tie for first place. After Zimmer persuaded struggling Bob Stanley to get rid of the changeup that Stanley said he "fell in love with" during spring training, the righthander went back to his trusty sinkerball, fanned a career-high seven and coasted past Chicago 11–1. The Red Sox then won twice over Kansas City and Zimmer's childhood pal, Manager Jim Frey. The two grew up together in Cincinnati, double-dating and playing on a national championship American Legion team. Jack Brohamer's 11th-inning RBI single, the first Boston pinch hit in nine tries this season, led to a 6–5 victory in the first K.C. game. Chuck Rainey shut out the Royals 7–0 the next day as the Sox pounded out 16 hits, including four each by Carlton Fisk and rookie Third Baseman Glenn Hoffman, three by Tony Perez and a double by Jim Rice, who had been in an 0-for-18 slump. For the week, Fisk hit .478, Perez .444. The Red Sox' bullpen, which has long been suspect, showed signs of shaping up, even though Bill Campbell was still on the disabled list. Lefthander Tom Burgmeier hurled 4⅓ innings of strong relief against the White Sox to nail down a 4–3 triumph, and Skip Lockwood beat the Royals by tossing three innings of one-hit ball.

Neither rain nor mud could keep New York (4–1) from also gaining a share of first place. After rain washed away a 4–1 fourth-inning lead in Baltimore, the Yankees stormed back the next night, sloshing through mud puddles for a 4–3 victory. Reggie Jackson, who had a homer wiped away the night before, hit one that counted this time and pounded another against Minnesota. After Baltimore had beaten New York on the third night of the soggy series, Oriole Shortstop Mark Belanger said, "I was hoping I wouldn't fall because I can't swim." Tommy John was a two-time winner, beating Chicago 1–0 with 17 groundouts and defeating the Twins 7–3.

Milwaukee (3–1) tied a league night-game record by slugging seven home runs, among them two apiece by Ben Oglivie and Sal Bando, while drubbing Cleveland 14–1. Oglivie, who batted .533 and had nine RBIs for the week, hit another homer as the Brewers beat the White Sox 4–1. Mike Caldwell provided a second win in Chicago, 8–0.

When Baltimore (2–3) lost 3–2 in Texas it was the team's seventh defeat in eight one-run decisions. Both Oriole victories were built around big innings and were saved by Reliever Tim Stoddard. A six-run second inning

continued

did in the Yankees 7–4 and a five-run eighth overtook the Rangers 7–5.

Toronto's first "Hoghead Award," a maroon cap with pink horns, went to rookie Manager Bobby Mattick for turning in the wrong lineup card before facing Milwaukee. After Roy Howell of the Blue Jays (3–3) walked in the first, Otto Velez was called out for batting out of turn. But no harm was done because, with the lineup corrected, the Jays bombed the Brewers 8–2. Toronto beat an old nemesis and got its second victory over a lefthander in eight decisions by routing Cleveland's Rick Waits 8–3. Waits had beaten the Blue Jays six times in a row. Pacing that victory was Barry Bonnell, who snapped out of an 0-for-14 batting slump at home with a single, a double, a homer and six RBIs. Second Baseman Damaso Garcia had only five hits, but four were doubles, making him the league leader with nine for the season.

Catcher Lance Parrish drove in five of his league-leading 19 runs as Detroit (2–3) upended Texas 5–4 in 10 innings.

"No shave until a save," chanted hirsute Reliever Sid Monge of Cleveland (3–2), who had been a flop in his early-season outings. Later that night, Monge worked two shutout innings to save a 2–1 win over the Blue Jays—and then got out his razor. Mike Hargrove, who drove in both Indian runs in that game, had seven RBIs during the week.

BOS 11–9 NY 11–9 MIL 9–8 TOR 10–9
BALT 8–12 CLEV 7–11 DET 7–13

AL WEST The A's offense, which was strictly cream-puff last year when their .239 hitting was the worst in either league, has started showing some oomph. Robust batting and daring base stealing helped Oakland (4–2) charge into first place. By hitting a resounding .327 last week, the A's lifted their season average to .275. And during a 5–3 victory over Detroit, Wayne Gross stole home in the second inning and Dwayne Murphy did the same in the third on the front end of a rare triple steal. There was also some nifty pitching: Rookie Jeff Jones sealed the win over the Tigers with three innings of hitless relief, and Rick Langford shut out California 8–0.

Minnesota (2–4) knocked off Oakland, but it took some doing. The Twins won 20–11 even though the A's outhit them 22–20. Except for Ken Landreaux' .481 average, it was a dismal week for Minnesota, which lost four times to lefthanded pitchers and made five errors during a 6–4 defeat at the hands of the pesky Mariners.

Rick Honeycutt of Seattle (4–3) became the first five-game winner in the majors by beating Minnesota 6–4 and California 2–0. Bill Stein had four hits, including a two-run home run, and three runs batted in during a 5–3 defeat of the Twins.

Clint Hurdle of Kansas City (2–3) homered as Paul Splittorff beat Baltimore 3–2 and as Larry Gura pitched his third shutout of the year, a 3–0 one-hitter against Toronto. Darrell Porter received two standing ovations when he returned to action for the first time since undergoing drug and alcohol rehabilitation therapy. A hometown crowd of 25,965 gave Porter a two-minute O when he appeared as a pinch hitter against Boston and arose again after he had flied out.

Ferguson Jenkins gave Texas (2–3) rooters something to cheer about when he held off Baltimore 3–2 to become the fourth pitcher to win 100 games in each league. But Ranger fans were dismayed when their team stranded 13 runners and committed three errors during a 7–4 loss to the Indians. Slowing down the Rangers further was the loss of Rusty Staub, who was batting .412 when he was sidelined for about two weeks with a chip fracture of his left ring finger, and the repeated failures of Reliever Jim Kern.

California (3–4) needed strong pitching to earn its victories because batters like Don Baylor aren't producing. Baylor, the 1979 MVP, has yet to hit a home run. But Don Aase's four-hitter defeated Oakland 2–1, John Montague's 2⅓ innings of scoreless relief beat Seattle 2–1, and Dave Frost chilled the Mariners 3–1.

Too much itching and too little pitching hurt Chicago (1–5). Lamar Johnson, the White Sox' No. 1 hitter, missed three games because of a chest rash, and Chicago hurlers allowed 19 runs in two of their losses. Rookie Britt Burns wasn't at fault, though; he lost twice but yielded only 11 hits in working two complete games. Burns fell 1–0 to New York and 4–1 to Milwaukee. Some fine pitching that didn't go to waste was a combined five-hitter by Rich Dotson and Ed Farmer that beat Boston 2–1.

OAK 14–8 CHI 12–9 TEX 11–9 SEA 12–12
KC 10–10 CAL 10–11 MINN 10–12

NL EAST Three relievers came in from the cold to heat up the St. Louis (3–3) bullpen, which previously had an ERA of 7.46. Jim Kaat, who had not thrown in two weeks since being released by the Yankees, needed just eight pitches to retire the five batters he faced to wrap up an 8–2 victory over Chicago. Two days later, St. Louis benefited from two tight relief efforts against the Astros. After starter Bob Forsch came out with a spike wound in his right foot that required 15 stitches, Don Hood gave up one run in 5⅓ innings and then gave way to Kaat, who set down seven batters in a row to conclude a 9–1 victory. Even a 4–2 loss to Houston provided some encouragement when Pedro Borbon, cut earlier by the Giants, worked three innings of shutout relief. On offense, St. Louis relied heavily on Garry Templeton (.444), Keith Hernandez (.417 and four stolen bases) and Ken Reitz, whose .409 week gave him a league-leading .386 average.

For the third and fourth times this season, Mike Schmidt and Greg Luzinski homered in the same game, helping Philadelphia (3–2) slow down Los Angeles (*page 20*) 9–5 and 7–3. Another homer, a two-run drive by rookie Luis Aguayo, made Steve Carlton a 2–1 winner over the Mets. Tug McGraw saved the win for Carlton by coming in with the bases loaded and two out in the seventh and pitching hitless ball the rest of the way.

That was only part of a frustrating week for the Mets (1–4), who lost four times by a total of four runs. Pete Falcone was the loser in the 2–1 game with the Phillies, though he equaled a major league record by striking out the first six batters. The only reprieve came when rookie Mark Bomback beat the Phillies 2–0 on two hits.

The Expos (1–5) also were frustrated. Four Montreal runners were guilty of costly baserunning errors; the hitters batted .125 with men in scoring position; and six players came down with minor injuries. After being benched for weak hitting, Rodney Scott had a pinch single in the ninth against the Giants, stole second and third, and scored the winning run in a 4–3 game when Ellis Valentine singled.

Pittsburgh (3–2) added to the Expos' problems with a sweep of their series. Willie Stargell set up 5–4 and 2–1 wins with 10th-inning singles, and then doubles by Bill Madlock and Bill Robinson ended the games. Two homers by Phil Garner on his 31st birthday and the six-hit pitching of Jim Bibby knocked off the Expos 5–0.

Chicago (4–1) bumped Pittsburgh out of first place by percentage points as Lenny Randle hit .550 and Bruce Sutter got a win and two saves. Randle, a switch hitter, batted from the left side when he doubled to begin an eight-run 12th that beat the Reds 12–4 and finished the scoring with a two-run homer from the right side. The only Cub pitcher with a complete game was Mike Krukow, who defeated Cincinnati 7–1 on four hits.

CHI 11–6 PITT 12–7 PHIL 9–9
ST.L 9–11 MONT 7–12 NY 6–13

NL WEST "Joe Morgan has convinced us we're capable of hitting home runs," said Houston's Enos Cabell. The Astros (5–1) hit only 49 last season, by far the fewest of any team in the majors, but last week they belted six—five while sweeping three games in Cincinnati—and raised their output this year to 12. The home-run barrage and the Astros' customary good pitching enabled Houston to supplant slumping Cincinnati in first place. One homer, five stolen bases and Ken Forsch's three-hitter carried the Astros past the Reds 3–0 in the opener. J.R. Richard hit one of three home runs the next day while winning 5–1 and rais-

ing his record to 4–0. Morgan tormented his former Red teammates by going 5 for 12 during the series and added credence to his words by homering twice. But Houston didn't live by the longball alone. Other victories came when Jeff Leonard finished off the Mets 4–3 with a two-run single in the 12th and when Vern Ruhle beat St. Louis 4–2 on four hits.

While George Foster and Dave Collins nursed injuries, the Reds (1–5) had just 13 hits in the three-game Astro series. Cincinnati's lone win came in San Francisco, 3–1, as Frank Pastore gave up only four hits.

By holding opponents to a .213 batting average and by making the most of its own hits, San Diego (4–1) overcame .159 hitting to win four straight one-run games. Reliever Bob Shirley saved a 2–1 victory over Atlanta to end the Padres' seven-game losing streak. Shirley won the next day as Willie Montanez' ninth-inning RBI single beat the Braves 4–3. New York outhit San Diego 7–2, but the Padres triumphed 1–0 when the Mets botched up a rundown. Amazin'. Steve Mura's two innings of shutout relief nailed down the victory for Rick Wise. And then Rollie Fingers got the final two outs to lock up a four-hit, 2–1 win over the Mets for 6' 5" rookie Gary Lucas.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CESAR CEDENO: By collecting 10 hits in 20 at bats, slamming two homers, scoring eight runs, driving in four and stealing seven bases, the fleet centerfielder helped Houston move to the top of the National League West.

The Braves (3–2) came up with a wigwamful of surprises. They beat Pittsburgh twice as Phil Niekro earned his first victory, by a 6–1 score, and usually light-hitting Jerry Royster highlighted a .429 week with a 10th-inning single that led to a 3–1 win. The biggest surprises may have been off the field when Bob Horner and the front office both changed their minds: the third baseman decided to rejoin the Braves after Atlanta took him off the disqualified list because it feared he might become a free agent.

San Francisco (1–4) fans seem about ready to give up: attendance has fallen 90,000 from last season because the Giants have fallen into the cellar. However, opposition base stealers aren't about to quit. So far, they have been successful on 26 of 28 attempted steals against San Francisco catchers. Willie McCovey was one Giant still having a ball. His 521st home run tied him with Ted Williams for eighth on the all-time list and helped San Francisco beat Montreal 3–2. The Giants won when Rennie Stennett beat out an infield roller in the ninth and scored on Milt May's double.

HOUS 15–6 CIN 13–9 LA 13–9
SD 10–11 ATL 8–12 SF 7–15

Terrifik Value

To err is human.

An interchangeable cassette load electric typewriter that self-corrects



brother
CORRECT-O-RITER

To err is human... to correct with the Brother Correct-O-Riter is quick, clean and easy. The combination correction/color ribbon lets you make instant corrections without removing it. Other features include a power electric carriage return and 12" carriage. Complete assortment of color/correction ribbons are available. **(If you want better grades, or if you want your letters to be letter-perfect...test type a Brother Correct-O-Riter today.)**

brother INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION 8 Corporate Place Piscataway N J 08854
Write to Dept 3S for nearest dealer

Soloflex

Pumping Iron... like you never imagined...

Simply, safely, professionally... at home ...Forever.



#444
Call TOLL FREE for brochure
1-800-545-7820
or write: Bucksteel Mfg. Inc.
831 Petroleum Bldg. • Roswell, New Mexico 88201

•19 Standard barbell stations
•6 Free body stations

By Larry Brooks

Now they're tight little Islanders

Butch Goring's arrival has transformed a Stanley Cup el foldo into an el boldo

Like oniongrass, preferred lies, potholes and silvery sun reflectors, the Stanley Cup collapse of the New York Islanders has long been one of the annual signs of spring on Long Island. When the going got tough, the Islanders always got going. Going home, that is, to places like Umea, Sweden; Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan; and Emily, Minn. Two years ago the Islanders, easy winners of the Patrick Division, were routed by the nondescript Toronto Maple Leafs in the quarterfinals. Last spring the Islanders, the team with the best record in the NHL during the 80-game regular season, the team with a record better even than Montreal's, were bounced from the semifinals by the hated New York Rangers. And for most of the 1979-80 season it appeared that the Islanders would be going home to the Umeas and the Moose Jaws of this world earlier than ever.

On March 10, the NHL's trading deadline, the Islanders were a disgruntled, disorganized and dismal hockey team; their record was barely better than .500, and they were No. 9 in the 21-team NHL and slip-sliding away. But late that night, in what now may be viewed as a stroke of genius, General Manager Bill Torrey pried Butch Goring, a scruffy 30-year-old center who always plays at a breakneck pace, from Los Angeles in exchange for Forward Billy Harris and Defenseman Dave Lewis. Goring immediately pumped new life into a team that had seemed one step from interment at Nassau Knolls. The Islanders charged through the final 12 games of the season without a loss—winning eight and tying four—and gained the No. 5 position in the overall standings.

Then, in the opening round of the playoffs, they eliminated Goring's old L.A. teammates three games to one. Advancing to the quarterfinals, the Islanders squared off against Boston. When the Bruins challenged them to put up their dukes in the first two games at Boston, the Islanders—notably Clark Gillies, Bob Nystrom and Garry Howatt—not only accepted the invitation, but they also left the Bruins—notably Terry O'Reilly—battered and dazed. New York won the two games in overtime and ousted Boston four games to one.

Last week the Islanders expected to play No. 1-seeded Philadelphia in the semifinals, but Minnesota, the No. 6 seed, dumped third-seeded Montreal in the quarterfinals, so the Islanders ended up in Buffalo, playing the No. 2-seeded Sabres. There they were greeted by newspaper stories detailing dozens of alleged health violations at the hotel in which they were staying. At the midday skate before Tuesday night's Game 1, Right Wing Mike Bossy flashed a poster that read: BOYCOTT THE STATLER HILTON.

New York stunned the Sabres that night with a 4–1 victory—Buffalo's first home-ice loss in almost four months—and followed on Thursday night with a 2–1 win on Bob Nystrom's goal after 21 minutes and 20 seconds of overtime; Goring had scored the Islanders' first goal of that game in the second period. Returning home, the Islanders blitzed the Sabres 7–4 Saturday night—Goring had a goal—to go up three-zip in the series, and suddenly they were just one victory away from their first appearance in the Cup finals.

continued



Goring at center has made possible a shrewd redistribution of the Islanders' playing wealth



LOVE-50 IN 8.3 SECONDS.

Quickness.

It's one thing to say you have it. It's yet another to go out there and prove it

Day in.

Day out.

And just as Harold Solomon combines his quickness and agility to be ranked as one of the top contenders on the court, so does the VW Rabbit.

On the road.

The fact that the Robbit goes from 0 to 50 in only 8.3 seconds is because it's powered by an optional CIS fuel-injected overhead cam engine. (A feature which many sports cars don't even have todoy.)

Add to this front-wheel drive, negative steering roll rodius, and four-wheel independent suspension, and what you've got is a sporty little car that can handle almost anything that comes along.

That includes avoiding bumps in the asphalt.

Making short stops.

And quick moves from side to side.

Sure there are other terrific returns of the Rabbit. You've probably heard them all.

But as for how quick and ogile it is, we just thought you'd like to know the score.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

©1980 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA



Trottier, scoring a goal against Buffalo from a difficult angle, finally is enjoying a productive playoff

"The way we're rolling now, the players on the Flyers and the North Stars must pick up the papers, read about us, and come to the conclusion that we're awesome," says Islander Left Wing Bob Bourne. "We're doing what Montreal always used to do. I know how we reacted to Montreal in the past, and it's awfully hard to play against a team when you're thinking that they're awesome."

While Goaltender Battlin' Billy Smith has been spectacular throughout the playoffs for New York, and while the massive Gillies (6′ 3″, 220 pounds) has at long last assumed the role of policeman and played it perfectly, the key to the Islanders' unexpected success has been Goring. New York has played 24 games with Goring in the lineup and lost only two Before his arrival, the team relied almost exclusively on the offensive firepower of the Gillies-Bossy-Bryan Trottier line; last season the so-called Trio Grande combined for a record-breaking 151 goals, and in 1977-78 the line scored 134 of the Islanders' 334 goals. But the only balance the Islanders showed was in their checkbooks, and when opposition checkers easily shut down the Trio Grande in the playoffs, all the Islanders went home early.

Thanks to Goring, though, the Islanders no longer qualify as a lone-line team When Goring showed up, Coach Al Arbour finally had a second real-live All-Star-caliber center at his disposal. He promptly broke up the Trio Grande and distributed the wealth among the three, and oftentimes four, lines he now utilizes. Arbour, in fact, concocted 38 different line combinations last week in the games with Buffalo, foiling the defensive strategies of Sabre Coach Scotty Bowman.

"It's far more difficult to prepare for the Islanders than it used to be," says Buffalo Center Don Luce. "Goring gives them a whole new dimension. Now, if you stop Trottier, there's Goring to beat you. Or someone else."

In all, seven Islanders have scored four or more goals in the playoffs—Goring has four—and the winning goals in their four sudden-death games have been scored by Defenseman Ken Morrow, the U.S. Olympian, and Forwards Bourne, Nystrom and Gillies. "Everyone helps out now," Bourne says.

Torrey acquired Goring for his personality and leadership traits as well as for his hockey skills. The Islanders had become an insecure finesse team What they needed was a take-charge Bobby Clarke type in the locker room. In Goring, they finally seem to have their man.

"I was aware of what they wanted from me," Goring says. "From what I hear, the effort wasn't the same before I got here, but I can't say that I turned it around, that I'm God. I talk to the guys between periods if I have something constructive to say. It's my nature. I want to get a high going You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink These guys want to drink."

Torrey says, "What I like about Butch the best is that he's a hockey player. He's a real throwback, a guy who loves to play, who's happy in his career, and to whom hockey is very, very important. He's the classic professional who works his butt off and knows what he is." Torrey smiles. "Butch isn't trying to become a model for Sasson jeans, that's for sure," he says, taking a verbal jab at the Rangers, four of whom endorse the jeans on TV and in print ads.

"The greatest thing about Butch is that he plays without an ego; nobody resents him," says Bourne. "He doesn't mind the perception that he plays behind Bryan, or that Bryan gets on before him on the power play. He was quiet for about one day, then just spoke up whenever he felt like it, and he was constructive. Some guys can say something and it has a real edge, and that turns you off; Butch knows how to put things. And his mere presence just opened so many things up for us."

Perhaps the prime benefactor of Goring's presence is Trottier, the center who led the NHL in scoring and won the Hart Trophy as the MVP last season. He scored two goals Saturday, giving him eight in 12 games, and his 18 points through last weekend led all playoff scorers this spring. Before Goring, though, Trottier had a lifetime total of just five goals in 42 playoff games.

"I'm not taking a thing away from Butch, but it's for other people to say he's made things easier for me," Trottier says. "The way I feel, he's helped the *team*, not me."

Other people do say it. "It's no secret guys on the team were disappointed the last couple of years in Bryan, Clark and Mike," says Bourne, "but the pressure they felt must have been unreal. In the first few games of the playoffs, Trots and I were the only ones scoring regularly, and in one of the warmups I thought to myself, 'If I don't score, we're probably going to lose.' And then I realized how many times in the last three years Bryan, Clark and Mike had to feel the same way. That's a hell of a burden, especially when you're checked like they were. Now I think I can appreciate what they went through." **END**



The new Nikon EM

From the legend that is Nikon comes the new Nikon EM. A lightweight, automatic 35mm camera designed to make great pictures simpler and more foolproof than ever before. *A camera that gives you* beautiful pictures that are…

Sharp, and clear, automatically … alive with rich colors and vivid detail, because the EM is precision-engineered by Nikon. Acclaimed by one of photography's foremost authorities for picture quality that rivals even professional Nikons. So it may surprise you to discover that…

For the cost of just an ordinary automatic single lens reflex, the extraordinary Nikon EM can be yours! At last, the joys of fine photography at an affordable price. And, from the very first roll, you'll find it's also easy to use, because…

Nikon's exclusive electronics automatically set the *correct exposure! All you do is focus and shoot.* There's even a unique audible warning signal that tells you if the light's not right. And to add more excitement…

The Nikon EM has its own low-cost accessories. A completely automatic flash. A dynamic lightweight motor drive for action sequences and automatic film advance. Superb Nikon Series E lenses for wide-angle and telephoto shots. Now the greatest name in photography can be yours. **Nikon EM. It's not just a camera. It's a Nikon.**



for pictures this sharp, this clear, automatically.

© Nikon Inc. 1979 Garden City, New York 11530

A third less tar
than the leading filter 85



Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	12mg. tar 0.9mg. nic.
Winston 85	20mg. tar 1.4mg. nic.
Lowest brand	less than 0.5mg. tar 0.05mg. nic.



PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

He's not a man to take it lying down

It was kind of a sidewinder's duel—this battle to be the best, uh, lefthanded player in the world. There they were, the two deadliest gunslingers in town, 20 paces apart. One had been waiting for the other a long while. Both knew it would come down to this. Him or me. The streets were empty. It was time. High Noon in Dallas. All Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe needed last Sunday afternoon was Tex Ritter singing. In the World Championship Tennis finals the question was not who was the good guy, who the bad guy. It was who was the *baddest.*

McEnroe's usurpation of the lead villain's role came nearly a year and a half ago, just about the time Connors was turning into a husband and a father—and a human being. Connors wears a lighter shade of hat now, and after his 2–6, 7–6, 6–1, 6–2 victory in Big D, the third time he has defeated his younger rival in four meetings this year, it seems he may be wearing McEnroe's number as well.

Reversing his decline, Jimmy Connors sailed through the WCT championship, punishing John McEnroe in the finale

"I don't want to hear about No. 2," Connors said after he had twice clutch-served to save the key second set; after he had roared to the attack to manufacture an errorless tie-breaker, which he won 7–4; and after he had slashed away from the backcourt as of old to completely dominate the bewildered Junior in the final two sets. "There's only one number. This is just a step up the ladder."

In his single-minded determination to catch Bjorn Borg, who wasn't in Texas, Connors has been doggedly pushing himself in workouts, picking his tournament spots and honing his game, with the result that he has become more conservative, adaptable, patient, in control. When McEnroe blasted five aces in the first set, permitting Jimbo only four points against service, Connors relaxed and looked for other openings.

Immediately, he broke Junior in the first game of the second. "I realized I could return his stuff," Connors said. "I waited for my exact shot. Then I took chances. Right away I lifted my game."

The tie-breaker turned on a backhand torpedo by Connors that McEnroe could not handle at net—5–3 to Jimbo—following which Connors won it by spinning a nifty serve of his own down the middle, which McEnroe returned wide. That, essentially, was it.

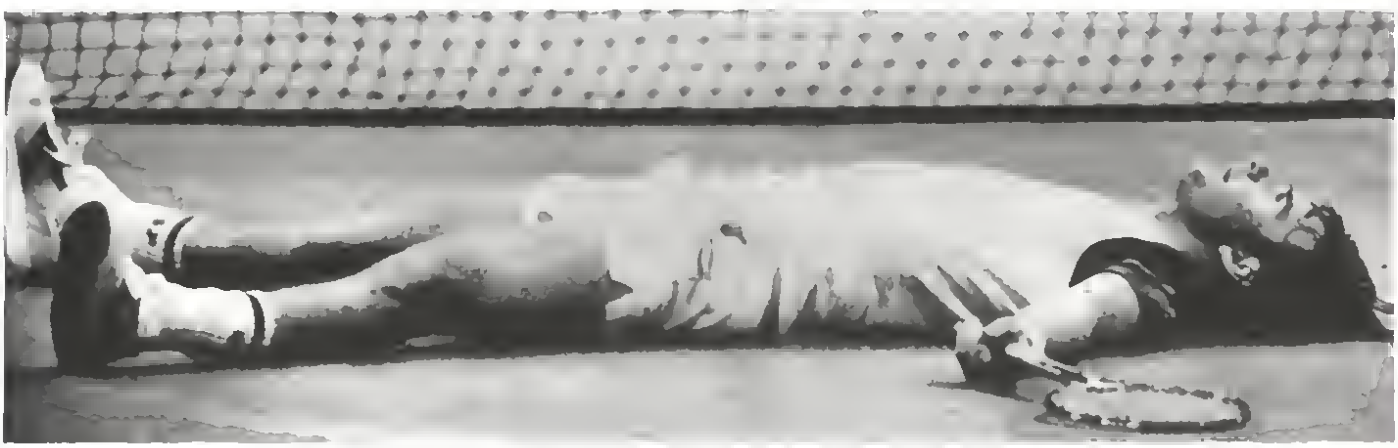
For the new champion, whose weight and penetration of shot recalled his 1976 U.S. Open victories over Guillermo Vilas and Borg—Connors' days of wine and roses—this championship signaled something very special.

"I'm not exactly going into retreat formation," he said. "I was gnawing and clawing out there. Mac wanted to know what I was like in my prime. Well. . . "

Connors thus became the second player in the WCT showdown's 10 years of existence to win the event twice. In that decade it has become one of the five or six most prestigious tournaments in tennis because of its dynamic final matches. This has happened even though WCT's founding brother, Lamar Hunt, decided early on to locate his pet project at an arena generally associated with basketball in a town generally associated with football and on a weekend generally associated with horse racing. Of course, the Hunts have been known to gamble the, uh, silverware on just about anything. But this bet paid off. Mention "Dallas" in tennis circles and everybody knows what you mean.

Ken Rosewall and Rod Laver brought

continued



Since marrying and becoming a dad, Connors—here doing his Buster Mathis imitation—has picked himself up, brushed himself off and started winning again



In the final, Jimbo's game had Junior agape

WCT-Dallas instant notoriety back in 1971 and 1972 by playing two classic finals, both of which Rosewall won, the latter climaxed by a fifth-set tie-breaker that is still considered one of the game's most dramatic moments. In 1974 a skinny, brittle teen-ager with a discus thrower's forehand stunned WCT-Dallas by reaching the first of what would be many major finals and taking a set off John Newcombe. He was 17. His name was Bjorn Borg. Then last May, McEnroe burst from the cocoon and accomplished the somewhat amazing feat of defeating Connors and Borg in successive matches to win yet another landmark WCT.

How's that for history? Or how's this? Nobody ever won Dallas without first having won either a Grand Slam title or the Grand Prix Masters. Indeed, the WCT roster of winners reads like a Who's Who of the sport over the past decade: Smith, Newcombe, Ashe, Borg, Connors, Gerulaitis.

This year Hunt enlarged his event in a couple of ways, with mixed results. By moving out of Moody Coliseum, the cozy little (9,000 seats) brick shack on the SMU campus, and into the glistening new Reunion Arena, closer to downtown and hard by a glamorous high-rise hotel complex, WCT nearly doubled its seating capacity. By beginning the matches on Monday night, WCT stretched what is basically a four-day tournament to an unduly long seven days. Given the field of Connors, McEnroe and six other fellows who might have arrived in Big D under cover of darkness for all anybody cared, a four-*hour* tournament is what it would turn out to be.

Simply because there is so much tennis money floating around, so many tournaments and, more to the point, so many of what the players refer to as "fourmans"—which are nothing more than half-effort exhibitions stacked with up-front appearance dollars—many of the name players chose to skip many of the eight WCT qualifying events.

Borg and Roscoe Tanner played in one apiece. Thanks a lot, boys. Harold Solomon, Gene Mayer and the P.E. (Prince of Exhibitions), Victor Pecci, made all of two. The improving Spaniard, Jose Higueras, showed up for three. While Vilas, Wojtek Fibak, Stan Smith, Eddie Dibbs, Brian Gottfried and Vitas Gerulaitis played in four WCT tournaments, they didn't exactly sweat to make Dallas when push came to shove.

Connors and McEnroe were old hands in the WCT finals, but the other six players were newcomers. Because all of them will be around long after Ilie Nastase has dropped his pants for the last time, here are capsule biographies of Dallas' Secret Six.

• *Vijay Amritraj.* Middle of three tennis-playing brothers from Madras, India. Only 26, has been around nearly as long as Indira Gandhi, a family friend. Enjoying best year since 1973 when reached quarterfinals of Wimbledon and U.S. Open as teen-ager. Has beaten Connors, Gerulaitis, Vilas and Dibbs of Top Ten. Graceful, elegant, popular. Not exactly brimming with dedication. Pulls out of tournaments with "mental fatigue." Probably from Hollywood parties. Runs with Vince Van Patten, Farrah, that crowd. Squired *Star Trek*'s Persis Khambatta to Academy Awards. Lives in Marina Del Rey. You get the picture. Wouldn't be caught dead in a madras jacket.

• *John Sadri.* The 1978 NCAA runner-up to McEnroe. Entered court wearing blazer, cowboy hat and vestiges of shaved-head Mohawk look to standing O from classmates at North Carolina State. Served 24 aces. At 23, a late bloomer, or boomer. Finalist in Australian Open, semifinalist at Pro Indoors in Philly. Arnold Schwarzenegger in tennis whites. A monster server who goes for it on second delivery as well. Still too stiff on the volley. Off court, explores caves and drives Ferrari 142 mph. Almost as fast as serve. Known as "the Mad Marine" or "GI Joe." McEnroe says, "A funky, Southern, maniac, macho dude."

• *Ivan Lendl.* Whisper this: the next great player. Barely 20, out of Ostrava, Czechoslovakia. Not connected to the Prague contingent of Jan Kodes and all those Czech women—Navratilova, Marsikova, Tomanova, Mandlikova. At Washington Indoors beat Tanner but blew lead in final to Victor Amaya. Last month blitzed field—Higueras, Gottfried, Dibbs—to win Houston on clay without losing set. Vicious, flaming forehand. Dangerous backhand pass. Solid technique all around, just lacks strategy. Tall (6′ 2″), gangly, clipped hair of a punk rocker. Pronounces first name "E-vonne." Wears funny two-tone, beige-and-yellow sneakers with black laces, two wristbands per wrist ("I am sweating so much"), striped shirts like cyclist. If he passes up Tour de France, will be real threat on European dirt this summer.

• *Heinz Gunthardt.* Came yodeling out of Zurich in 1976 as best junior in world, then ran in place for long time. Handsome, articulate and 21 years old. Rumor was he signed with Mark McCormack too early. Fell in love with money and self. Plastered name on car, drove through Alps countryside, became household name across those mountains. Stylish, rangy, but undisciplined, flaky. In 1978 at Springfield, Mass. became only player ever to be defeated in qualifying, get in main draw as substitute and then win tournament as "lucky loser." Last week appeared lucky to be alive after McEnroe put so many holes through him (6–2, 6–1, 6–0) he could have passed for Swiss cheese.

• *Bill Scanlon,* 23. Dallas' own. Richardson High School's own. Has made career out of whipping Peter Fleming in tournament finals: 1976 NCAAs, 1978 Maui, 1979 Maui. Players say he bears down in Hawaii, relaxes everywhere else. Seems confused. Natural, flowing strokes. Magnificent backhand. Gives away ton of points with casual demeanor. Guitar-playing has earned him friends in music world such as George Benson, the Eagles. "Billy the Kid is riding again on the plains of Texas," he said before taking Connors to two tie-breakers in Dallas. But—no hula skirts, no inspiration—he came up empty, just as he did to same man in Wimbledon quarterfinals last summer. One of these nights. . . .

• *Johan Kriek.* Prince Valiant with

continued

THE DT. FIRST WE MAKE IT A TITLEIST.

DT.® The Tough Titleist. It plays like a Titleist because it's built like a Titleist – the most played ball on the tour.

The DT gets the same famous Titleist wound ball construction that gives Titleist tremendous backspin and unbeatable bite on the green.

It gets the same aerodynamic dimple pattern that makes Titleist the longest ball you can hit off the tee.

And, the DT has to live up to the same standards that have earned Titleist its outstanding reputation for quality.



THEN WE MAKE IT THE TOUGH TITLEIST.

But, most golfers want even MORE from their ball than the pros. Because most golfers want a ball that's also tough to cut.

JUST LIKE THE PROS' ONLY TOUGHER.

That's why millions of golfers play The Tough Titleist. The DT. Because the DT is as close as you can get to the pros' favorite ball and still get a tough-to-cut Surlyn® cover.

DT. The Tough Titleist. Just like the Pros', only tougher.

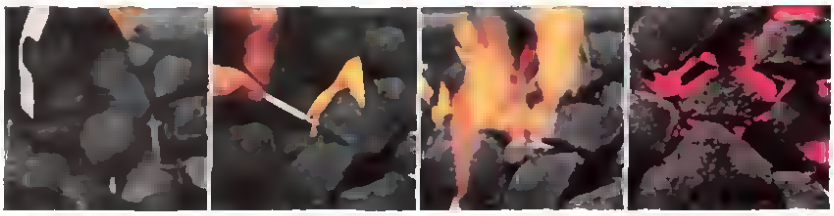
Titleist®
#1 ball in golf.

© 1980 Acushnet Company





NO LIGHTER FLUID.
NO LONG WAIT.
NO HASSLE.



Just pour in the **Match light.**

Match light lights instantly with just a match. And you never need to hassle with lighter fluid.

Match light stays lit so you don't need to worry about relighting.

Match light is ready about twice as fast as ordinary charcoal. So you can eat sooner. **Match light** is the no-hassle charcoal.



YES, NEW MATCH LIGHT!®

The No-Hassle Charcoal From Kingsford.

Available in limited areas © 1980 The Kingsford Company



sneer. Barrel-chested, 22-year-old South African left the Transvaal, followed coach to Austria as teen. Big first serve for short guy, bigger first volley. In 100-yard dash for tennis players, pick him. Never out of a point. Astounding quickness displayed at U.S. Open, in which he lost to Gerulaitis in quarters both of last two years. Arrogant, petulant, bad temper *on court. At Open yelled to* umpire Jason Smith, "Come down from that chair and I'll punch your face." Attitude apart, one of neatest players in game to watch.

Last week after Kriek dismantled Sadri's serve in straight sets and after Lendl positively enthralled Amritraj in straights—"I've never been passed like that in my life," said the Indian—the two youngsters came head-on into semifinal battles with McEnroe and Connors.

Alas, on Friday afternoon Lendl never changed pace against Connors, electing to slug it out from the backcourt. He also kept attempting to hit winners from the worst possible places, and he was beaten 6–4, 7–5, 6–3.

Kriek, having split sets with McEnroe despite 10 double faults, got on top of his seemingly disinterested opponent 5–1, 30–0 in the third set before everything came unglued. McEnroe began nailing winning returns. Kriek got too anxious and began popping up volleys. Junior broke from deuce. He broke again at 15. Soon they were in a tie-breaker and, after a disputed point was awarded to McEnroe, he went on to win the extra session 7–3, and the match 6–4, 4–6, 7–6, 6–3.

McEnroe has been struggling in recent weeks, fostering the impression that he may have played too much tennis in the first four months of the year. "I have a hard time getting up for my matches," he admitted. "I've played so many tournaments, they all seem the same now."

Connors, however, realized that Dallas was Dallas. Last year Jimbo didn't get past the semifinals of any major tournament, and McEnroe routed and embarrassed him here. Now Connors was lean and hard. He was practicing more diligently than ever. With wife Patti and baby Brett (a 9-month-old boy) cheering him on, his mind was clearer. "I've got my *game just about where I'm satisfied*," Connors said. "Of course I'm not satisfied with anything short of perfect."

That being so, his performance on Sunday was just about satisfactory. **END**

OVER 75 MPG. UNDER $1300.*

The low, stepped seat contributes to a more comfortable ride, and allows you to put your feet squarely on the ground when you come to a stop.

The electric starter makes starting as easy as pushing a button.



YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price excluding tax, license fees, freight and dealer set up. Rear view mirrors standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Mileage figures based on EPA testing for city riding. Your mileage may vary depending on the way you ride.

Introducing the Mini-Lock.

It's every inch and 3/8 a Case.



The toughest thing about making the new Case Mini-Lock knife was making it to Case standards.

Over 150 hand operations go into the making of the Mini-Lock knife. And only the finest materials. The result is a pocket knife that's just 2 1/2" small when closed, a blade of 1 3/8" razor sharp surgical steel when open. It's lightweight but will stand up to heavy use.

If it seems like we went to a lot of trouble for such a small pocket knife, consider the size of the reputation riding on it. After all, it's a Case.

For our pocket knife booklet, send 25¢ for postage and handling to W. R. Case & Sons Cutlery Co. Dept. P, Bradford, Pa. 16701.

CASE

The world's finest cutlery. Made in America.

Case — the officially licensed knife for the 1980 Winter Olympics.

That Muskie



Madness



The beastly muskellunge is preeminently ugly, preternaturally ferocious and preposterously hard to catch, as the author and his family found out in 38 summers at Wisconsin's Upper Clam Lake

by William Oscar Johnson

Experts disagree about the origin of the name muskellunge, but it apparently derives from an Indian language—Ojibway or perhaps Cree—and is a combination of *moshk* (great) or m*as* (ugly) or ma*shk* (deformed) and *knoje* (pike) or *kinnonge* (also pike) or *kinonge* (fish). The French Canadian word for the fish is *maskiononge*, which, quite bluntly, means "ugly fish." When a mighty muskellunge swims just beneath the surface of the tea-brown water of a northern Wisconsin lake, it has the sinister appearance of a stalking submarine, silent and menacing. But not until the fish broaches the surface—revealing its hideous bulging eyes, its forest of needle teeth set in a mean green snout, and a body as thick as two pythons and as long as a truck bumper—does it become the embodiment of such raw violence that grown men have been known to wet their pants at the sight.

There is no other fish like the muskie. It is diabolical in its cunning, maniacal in its rage, unpredictable in its habits. It is the most awesome of all freshwater fish, a creature that captures the imagination, fires the spirit and—alas—breaks the hearts of fishermen by the thousands, by the *hundreds* of

continued

Having put out their lures perhaps a million times, the family had a lowly catch-per-cast ratio of .00004.

thousands every year. And sometimes year after year after year.

The Moccasin Bar on Route 77 in Hayward, Wis. is a typical north-woods drinking establishment. A deer head hangs on a knotty-pine wall, the men's-room door is marked "Bucks," the women's, "Does." But unlike hundreds of similar bars in the north woods, the Moccasin Bar is a bona fide tourist attraction. In summer a stream of parents shepherds children in out of the sunlight. They squint in the tavern's beery brown gloom as they look about for what they've come to see. The drinkers at the bar rarely glance up at the tourists. And the tourists don't always notice the drinkers because once their eyes adjust, they pretty much stay fixed on a display of mounted fish. This is what they've come for.

Each fish is boxed in glass, each has its own gallery light, each its own explanatory legend. The Moccasin Tavern is a sort of Louvre of lunkers in that for years and years it has featured a stunning display of mighty muskellunge.

Half a dozen of these beasts are on show now. The centerpiece is a monumental fish that is 59½ inches long and weighed 67 pounds 8 ounces when it was caught in the summer of 1949. It is a frightful-looking thing, thick-bellied, with angry walleyes, a snout not unlike that of a crocodile and a protruding lower jaw filled with teeth. Even though it is 31 years dead, it is as wrathful and glowering as it was when it became aware it was hooked. All in all, it is not a creature most fishermen would care to share a small rowboat with. And, sure enough, the legend beneath it explains that this fish was never boated but "fought for one hour, then had to be landed by beaching."

At the time it was hauled ashore from Lake Couderay, eight miles south of Hayward, this was the world-record muskellunge. Barely three months later, the record was broken when a 69-pound 11-ounce muskie was caught in the Chippewa Flowage, also only a short distance from Hayward. Thus, for many years the tank atop the Hayward water tower has borne the slogan HOME OF WORLD-RECORD MUSKIES.

Technically speaking, this is no longer the case; Hayward is the home of *former* world-record muskies. This is a painful truth that the citizens of Hayward prefer to ignore, but there is no denying the facts: the world-record muskellunge was caught on Sept. 22, 1957 in the St. Lawrence River, roughly 1,000 miles east of Hayward, by an upstate New York refrigeration mechanic named Art Lawton. He was not casting, as most Wisconsin purists do, he was motor-trolling with a big wooden plug at a depth of about 25 feet when his line tightened up against what he thought was a deadweight snag on the bottom. It wasn't a snag at all, it was the world record . . .

Even now, almost 23 years later, no one in Hayward—or anywhere else in Wisconsin muskie country, for that matter—has ever stopped grieving over the loss of the world record to New York. Be it sour grapes or some kind of fisherman's intuition, the mourners cannot discuss the record muskie without raising suspicion of a Big Lie.

As recorded, the New York fish was a true monster—64½ inches long, 69 pounds 15 ounces. Once Lawton had it hooked, his strategy was to let the brute swim wherever it wanted, until it wore itself out. That took about an hour. Lawton and his wife, Ruth, hauled in the exhausted fish, returned home to Delmar, N.Y., put it on ice in the refrigeration plant where Art worked and then went home to bed as if it were the end of just another fishing day. The Lawtons had caught dozens of other big muskies, including at least four that weighed more than 60 pounds, and they were not particularly excited over this one. It was not until the next afternoon that Art and some friends got around to weighing his catch. They found that, by gosh, it was a world-record fish. They were apparently not particularly excited by this, either. They took one blurry, slightly off-center snap-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS B. ALLEN



shot of Lawton holding the monster in the front yard of someone's house. That done, Lawton cut the fish up and passed out the meat to his friends. The world-record muskie was never mounted. It was eaten for supper.

Perhaps it is not so strange, then, that two decades later, people in Hayward still question the record. Albert (Ubbie) Bloom, 70, owner of a sporting-goods store and a fishing guide around Hayward since he was a boy of 15, squints suspiciously and says, "Why didn't they mount it? There was something fishy about the whole thing. You'd think if it was a world record they'd have done something besides eat it."

Bloom is not alone. Over in Sayner, Wis., some 100 miles east of Hayward, though still in that tier of northern Wisconsin lakes that abound in muskies—or at least the *idea* of muskies—Marv Heeler, 60, a guide, shakes his head. "Most people, if they think they've got a world record, they'll get six priests, four nuns and a circuit-court judge to vouch for the fish," he says. "Here they took one snapshot, then ate the fish, and it still went in the record books. I don't get it." And Milt Dieckman, 48, Hayward-born, a muskie fisherman since boyhood and now conservation warden for the Department of Natural Resources, says, "A world-record fish is great publicity for an area. We sure hated to lose the record, and I have my doubts now whether there'll ever be a fish caught big enough to break the record they set out in New York." He pauses, then adds, "I also have my doubts as to whether that fish was ever real."

This is all local prejudice, of course, purest chauvinism and unbuttoned regionalism. Yet, despite the loss of the

continued

The Moccasin Tavern on Route 77 in Hayward, Wis., with its prominent display of mounted muskies, is a sort of Louvre of lunkers



world record, Hayward remains the mecca of muskie fishing to thousands of fishermen—me among them. To my mind, the town is quite right to call itself the Muskie Capital of the World. But, as you will see, I am as hopelessly prejudiced as Ubbie Bloom or Milt Dieckman because I, too, am one of those muskie fishermen who was bred and raised to believe that Moby Dick still lives—as he always has—in the fresh waters of Wisconsin lakes and nowhere else.

In 1942 my family built a small cabin on Upper Clam Lake, about 35 miles east of Hayward but still in Muskie Country. The nearest town to our cabin was about a mile away, a wide spot along Route 77 called Clam Lake (pop. 35). It contained a tavern run by a man with a wooden leg, two gas stations, a small grocery store and a one-room post office. Clam Lake was sleepy almost beyond belief. My father, a wry and fun-loving fellow, would often pretend to organize expeditions to go into town and witness the big event of the day. "Hurry!" he would cry, "hurry, it's time to go in and watch the bread truck unload!"

It was true. The unloading of the bread truck was just about the pinnacle of excitement in Clam Lake—except, of course, for muskie fishing.

Until we built the cabin, we had never fished for muskies; indeed, the first time most of us laid eyes on a muskie was during a ritual visit to the Moccasin Tavern in Hayward. I was a small boy then, intense and excitable, and full of dreams of my own prospective heroism in a variety of pursuits ranging from Big Ten football to hand-to-hand commando combat in World War II, which had just started. The sight of those beasts behind glass gave rise to another dream of personal bravery, which involved a series of watery conflicts that ended, of course, with my having my own beautifully mounted denizen of the deep. This, like playing Big Ten football and fighting in World War II, never happened to me. In retrospect, the odds against my catching a muskie were as astronomical as were those against my fulfilling my other big dreams. But I didn't know that at the time, thank God.

When I refer to my "family," I mean a rather large crowd of relatives. My maternal grandparents, four uncles and four aunts, and my parents owned the cabin together, and there were a number of small boy cousins and slightly larger girl cousins, plus a couple of dogs. All but the dogs were of purest Scandinavian stock. The adults were born to life on the corn and tobacco farms of southern Wisconsin. All were early risers, hard workers, good Lutherans. Yet they were also high-spirited and full of humor. On vacation at Clam Lake, they relished beer with a shot of whiskey at day's end, and they enjoyed long, noisy nights of playing cards, their game being Five Hundred, also known as Farmer's Bridge.

But their true game was fishing. Every one of the men and most of the women were enthusiastic anglers of a certain type. They had spent most of their fishing hours in rowboats on tranquil residential lakes in southern Wisconsin and Minnesota, seeking the gentle walleyed pike, the slightly livelier northern pike, the occasional bass, the tasty and numerous (but uninspiring) crappie, sunfish and bluegill. Most of this angling was done with worms or minnows while slowly trolling with oars or still-fishing with bobbers. With one exception, no member of my family had engaged in any of the more sophisticated forms of angling, such as deep-sea fishing or dry-fly casting or muskie "hunting."



Uncle Ted and the results of that lucky August

The exception was Uncle Bill who ran a men's clothing store in southern Wisconsin and owned a fortune in hunting and fishing equipment. He was the family's most intrepid, most obsessed sportsman, and it was certainly he who first spoke the word "muskie" to the family, and it was he who led our clan up the jackpine path to the cabin on Upper Clam Lake and, from there, on to the maddening and seemingly endless hunt for muskies. No one ever held it against Uncle Bill, as far as I know. Maybe that was because we all knew that he suffered more bitterly than any of us in the quest for the elusive *Esox masquinongy immaculatus* for so many years.

Esox masquinongy is by far the biggest member of the pike family. Indeed, there are only two larger species of freshwater fish. One is the sturgeon, the bony-backed monster that provides caviar, sometimes lives to the incredibly advanced age of 75 years, and can weigh as much as 2,500 pounds. The other is the paddlefish, a comic-looking thing,

continued

WHAT SOME PEOPLE DO TO THEIR FEET IS SIMPLY SHOCKING.



You slam them down. Twist them. Slam them down again. And then you wonder why your feet hurt and ache so much.

It's because the poor soles need cushioning. And no single design of athletic shoe can all by itself give you the cushioning, support, and comfort which an active foot demands.

That's why Scholl developed Pro Comfort® Sports Cushions.™ Thin, lightweight shock absorbing insoles made from a revolutionary material called Poron*, that fit comfortably and easily in your shoes. Sports Cushions actually absorb twice the court- and road-shock that sponge or latex does. And they breathe, to keep feet feeling cooler and drier.

Pro Comfort Sports Cushions from Scholl. They're guaranteed for the life of your shoes. To help you stay foot-loose and blister-free. And that's the name of the game.



support for your game

pro comfort

by Scholl

Look for Pro Comfort products at sporting goods and other fine retail outlets.



*® PORON Rogers Corp.

©1980 Scholl, Inc.

also known as the spoonbill cat or the shovelnose cat, a soft and relatively boneless fish. The record spoonbill went 200 pounds, but the biggest that one is likely to encounter will weigh about 90.

There are said to be three subspecies of muskie. *Esox masquinongy masquinongy* is found mostly in the Great Lakes basin, particularly the St. Lawrence River and Lake St. Clair in Michigan, it is usually spotted. The principal range of *Esox m. ohioensis* is Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. and down through the Ohio River drainage; it usually has barred markings. *Esox m. immaculatus* is faintly marked and is found primarily in lakes in Minnesota and Wisconsin. For decades a lively debate has gone on among ichthyologists as to whether there is enough significant difference among these three to regard them as separate species. In a 1932 article, one of the most authoritative outdoors writers of the day, Robert Page Lincoln, wrote snappishly, "It is ridiculous in the face of present-day facts to separate the muskellunge because of varying marks and spottings. . . . The fact is that a muskellunge striped like a tiger or a zebra does not fight any better necessarily than one that is spotted, blotched, immaculate or mud-colored."

It is generally agreed that the muskie was once a saltwater fish, perhaps having its prehistoric origin in seas that covered southern Europe. Fossil species have been found there, but the muskie is purely North American now. Its natural distribution in the U.S. is pretty much a result of the ebb and flow of glaciers over North America. Muskies probably entered the Mississippi from the sea, moved upriver and then were isolated in the lake basins of the upper river region after the glaciers retreated. Seven-thousand-year-old muskie teeth have been discovered as far south as Oklahoma. Today, thanks to artificial propagation, muskies are found—or at least sought—in 23 states.

People have at times made something of the similarity between the muskie and the barracuda—pointing mainly to their long snouts and their needle teeth. There is no taxonomic relationship. Yet the mighty muskie rarely fails to produce wide-eyed and farfetched comparisons with other wild and wily species of fur and fin. One dazzled angler wrote in an article entitled *Tiger of Fresh Water*, "When caught, the muskellunge provides a thrill comparable to that of a sailfish endowed with the ferocity of a barracuda and the cunningness of a fox."

Of course, exaggeration is the underpinning of all fishing stories, and the muskie is the subject of more exaggeration than most fish. On May 1, 1902, *The Minocqua* (Wis.) *Times* printed a front-page photograph—eight columns wide—of what the accompanying headline called THE LARGEST MUSKELLUNGE EVER CAPTURED! It was netted by none other than a superintendent of the State Fish Hatchery, and it weighed 102 pounds. Obviously, it couldn't qualify as a world record, having been netted, but considering who caught this monster, it would seem that the weight was authentic. Except that 102 pounds is an unbelievable figure. There are other, even wilder tales. In 1884 it was reported that a 110-pound muskie had been taken from the waters of Lake Court Oreilles near Hayward, and in 1886 it was said that one had been caught in Lake Michigan off Michigan's Sleeping Bear Dunes. It supposedly weighed 162 pounds and stretched more than seven feet from tail to snout. The skull of this brute still exists in Glen Arbor, Mich.—13″ long and 20″ around. Experts who have studied it guess that even though it once was attached to one hell of a big fish, the muskellunge's weight was probably closer to 62 pounds than 162.

There is scarcely a muskie lake that does not have lurking in its depths a mythical monster of some kind—an Old Iron Jaws, an Old Long-Snout, an Old Mossback. On the shores of Plum Lake, the Sayre Lodge offers a $2,000 reward and a month's free vacation to anyone able to catch Old Mossback, which is reputed to weigh upward of 70 pounds. There is a creature named Old Bismarck—after the World War I German battleship—that supposedly hangs out near Elephant Rock in Red Gut Bay of Minnesota's Rainy Lake. This monster has been hooked twice, it is said, and witnesses swear that it is eight feet long and weighs 100 pounds. Old Bismarck reportedly was last hooked by an Indian guide seven years ago. It played with the treble-hooked plug for an hour and then glided past the guide's boat, giving him a clear view of its dark and slimy length, before breaking loose by simply turning on the power until it had yanked the hooks straight.

Milt Dieckman claims he saw a muskie of similar size a few years back. He recalls the occasion in the slightly breathless tones of a man telling a ghost story. "I was guiding a fellow on the Chippewa Flowage," he says. "It was toward evening, and there was lots of action around. I was using a Crazy Crawler lure. Something hit it hard. It seemed normal enough. Then all of a sudden the water opened up 20 feet behind the lure. It was like I could see the bottom, and there was this scene: a fairly big muskie, maybe 15 pounds, had hit the lure, and then this other one, this monster, had hit crossways on the other fish. It looked as big as a man in the water. The commotion was like a horse thrashing around. I never saw anything in freshwater like it. I've seen 30-, 40-pound fish, five feet long, in the water. This fish was a freak. It was like a 300-pound white-tailed deer. It was like Wilt the Stilt!"

It is thought by some pessimistic muskie fishermen that the day of the superlunker—the 60-pound Wilt the Stilt—is over; that the extraordinary increase in muskie fishermen, in fishing clubs, in the use of fancy equipment such as depth finders, simply won't allow muskies to live long enough to become monsters. For a muskie to reach the size of a 30-inch keeper, he must survive at least five years in the ferocious world of underwater predators. When he gets to be old and big, he can rule any territory he chooses; he is king of the lake. But when he is small, he is as vulnerable to attack from small perch as he is from his own slightly larger brothers and sisters. For a muskie to reach 25 pounds, he must live to be at least 15 years old. That world-record brute of Lawton's was a true muskie Methuselah: according to a count of the number of rings on his scales, which, of course, were not eaten, he was 30 years of age. The odds against a muskie living so long are now longer than ever.

Ron Schara writes in his book, *Muskie Mania*, that the 1957 world record has held up longer than any previous record going back to the early 1900s. It is rare, if not unheard-of, for a 60-pound muskie to be caught these days. Indeed, as Schara writes, there has not been a 60-pound fish caught in Wisconsin since

continued

Alive with pleasure!

Newport



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 16 mg "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine. Kings 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980


Discover a classic.
ERLANGER
Classic 1595
ERLANGER
ERLANGER
One look, one sip, one taste will tell you...
this beer is a classic.
Taste the moment.
Erlanger ... only in bottles and draught.

1949. In 1975 a fisherman caught a 51-pounder in Flambeau Lake; according to Schara, it was the largest recorded in Wisconsin in 22 years.

It was in the summer of 1942—long before real lunkers became so scarce—that my family first wetted muskie lures in anger. The lures themselves lent an aura of big-game hunting to muskie fishing. They were big plugs, six to 10 inches long, bristling with two or even three triple hooks. Some of these lures had propellers that churned and spat water fiercely. Others had rudders that gave them a kind of spurt-and-stop action in the water. Some were a sinister black with gashes of red. Others were fiery red or glaring yellow. They had names that were kind of silly but oddly exciting: the Muskie Minnow, the Muskie Monk, the Skunky Minnow, the Cisco Topper, the Mud Puppy. And these were hefty plugs, four or five times heavier than lures used to cast for bass. Even a small boy could toss them across 100 feet of water and drop them—glug!—on a dime next to a likely snag or shore log. And during retrieval these lures performed all sorts of exotic maneuvers that we just knew no muskie could resist, whatever it was that each lure and its tantalizing movements were supposed to simulate.

In truth, any honest fishing guide will admit he really doesn't always know what the different lures actually look like to a muskie. Popular theory had it that the twirling propellers on a yellow lure seemed like a baby duck's feet paddling; that the flashing spoon and hank of deer hair on a bucktail looked like a small fish being pursued by a small muskrat, that the Suick, a roughly fish-shaped lure that is jerked and worked unsteadily through the water, appeared to be a sick sucker. But who knew for sure?

The fact is, the muskie is so capricious and so mean that it will respond with anger—or hunger—to an unbelievably diverse list of edibles or enemies. Besides small fish—including their own young—muskies have been known to devour ducklings, grown muskrats, loons, beavers, gophers and blackbirds fluttering too close to the water. They have attacked the blades of motorboat propellers, oars with copper tips, and rowboats, which they seem to enjoy ramming into with the force of a sledge hammer. They have bitten at fingers, feet, red-painted

continued

Remember the safety of any tire depends on wear, load, proper inflation and driving conditions



FIRST CLAS/S

You care about tires. Your brand of driving demands a special tire...a Super Stone like the Firestone S/S Radial.™ We engineered the S/S Radial with two tough fiberglass stabilizer belts and a surefooted tread to deliver quick response where and when you need it. And the S/S Radial shows a lot of class to match the action with block outline, high rise, raised white letters that give your wheels that show-car look.

STONES

Firestone

S/S RADIALS. THE FIRST CLASS STONES.

Ford.
The best gas mileage of any wagons built in America.

But that's what you'd expect from the Wagonmaster.

On January 5, 1929, Ford's first Woody rolled off the production line and onto the American Road. In that year Ford began a journey fifty years long, building more station wagons than anyone else, earning the right to be called Wagonmaster.

Today the Wagonmaster is also the Mileagemaster. 1980 Ford wagons have the highest mileage ratings of any wagons built in America. From roomy full-size LTD Wagons to versatile mid-size Fairmonts to value-packed Pintos, Ford wagons are built to stretch your gas dollar.

And Ford wagons are the most popular of all. Since 1949, Ford has sold a million more wagons than anyone else.*

When it comes to wagons, Ford's better ideas just keep getting better.

And that's what it takes to be the Wagonmaster.



*Based on R. L. Polk & Co. registrations

BEST MILEAGE OF ANY WAGONS BUILT IN AMERICA.

WAGONS	EPA EST MPG	EPA EST HWY	EST RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
LTD (8-cyl.)	17	24	340	480
FAIRMONT (6-cyl.)	21	30	294	420
PINTO (4-cyl.)	23	38	322	532

Use these estimates for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than estimates. Calif. estimates lower. Comparison excludes diesels and other Ford Motor Co. wagons. Ranges are based on EPA mileage estimates and LTD's 20-gallon gas tank. Fairmont's and Pinto's 14-gallon gas tanks.



FORD WAGONS

FORD DIVISION Ford

Wagonmaster-Mileagemaster. 1980 Ford.

toenails dangling from a dock and—on one photographically documented occasion in Michigan's Lake St. Clair—the leg of a fallen water skier. There was also a strange incident, undocumented except by the participants, in which a muskie attacked—and was ultimately caught by—a window-sash weight. As the story goes, two fishermen were dragging a sash weight across the lake bottom to locate rock piles where walleyed pike might gather. Suddenly a muskie hit it so hard that the weight was driven through his mouth and out a gill, allowing the astonished anglers to drag him to the surface as if he were attached to a large stringer.

In the summer of '42, we never tried a sash weight, but we did fling what must have amounted to a ton of muskie lures—over lily pads, into weeds, smack dab on a dime next to water-soaked logs, into lovely dark brown niches adjacent to the shore, occasionally up onto woodsy banks from which we could yank the lures so that they plopped gently into the water like frogs hopping in. We fished before dawn, after dark, at high noon, in chill drizzle and under a sweltering sun. We fished Upper Clam Lake, Lower Clam Lake, Little Clam Lake and dozens of other non-Clam lakes and rivers of untold variety and relentless beauty. This is classic north-woods country, with glistening necklaces of lakes and rivers strung through cool acres of pines and birch and poplars. The water is cold, pure, strewn with lily pads and thick with weed beds, and it is the tea color that makes a perfect, gloomy environment to conceal the lurking muskie. The lakes looked so ideal for muskies that we could *feel* them everywhere. But we caught none.

There were, however, exciting signals, proving that they existed. Hits and strikes occurred—meaning that we occasionally saw fierce swirls of water and felt a big fish smack at a lure.

These near-misses created a certain delicious trepidation among us. One of my uncles, a skilled walleyed-pike fisherman but with no previous experience at going for muskies, recalls a night in the summer of 1943: "It was black as pitch and I was alone, rowing in to the dock in a little duckboat. I could hardly see where I was, but I decided I'd make one last cast. I threw it way out in the dark. I couldn't see the plug hit the water, but I could hear it. I reeled it in fast, not paying much attention, and right up by the boat, all of a sudden, there was this terrible splashing. Something big—the size of a man's leg—took a swipe at the lure. It missed and was gone. I stared at the water and it was still, as if nothing had been there. But I could feel that thing waiting. I retrieved the lure. I knew I ought to throw it in again and try to catch him. The boat felt so damn little, but I knew I had to throw it once more. Finally, I did, though I prayed the whole time I reeled it in that the fish wouldn't hit it again."

Of course, it didn't hit again. But it was this kind of bedtime fish story, this high-tension litany of near-misses, that kept us going back.

When it does strike, a muskie is a sight to behold. Though it usually swims at a leisurely one mph, it can explode into sprints as fast as 32 mph. Just before it hits its prey, the muskie winds its body into a sinister S-shape. Then it springs forward. It clamps its jaws on the middle of a fish's back, turns it and consumes the head first. That is what it usually does.

But as Marv Heeler says, "Nobody knows what these fellows are going to do. Some say vibration in the water attracts them. Others say they only hit what they can see. Others say a muskie will never hit an object that isn't moving—but I've seen one hit a lure that was tangled in the boat motor."

Milt Dieckman adds, "The muskie is a moody fish. It's neurotic. It might strike its own brother and not even eat him. It might hit a lure, crunch it and mouth it and play with it like a lion toying with its food. Ordinarily, they don't school up, but then again, when food's scarce, you see 'em running together like packs of wolves. There's no way to chart them. They're like no other fish. About the only thing you can say for sure is that they'll move with thunder. When there is a bad summer storm brewing, you can always get some muskie action. You also always take your life in your hands being on a lake at a time like that. Only damn fools go out then."

My family was beginning to feel a little like a bunch of damn fools—rain or shine—toward the end of the summer of 1944. We had fished and fished and had nothing to show for it, nothing at all. We still had plenty of hope—and, some

continued



Ford wagons and the option that could pay for itself.

A better protection idea from the Wagonmaster.

Just ask your Ford Dealer.

When you order your new Ford wagon, be sure to consider the one option that could pay for itself. Ford Motor Company's Extended Service Plan. It's available to help protect you against rising service costs. And it's backed by Ford Motor Company and honored by participating Ford Dealers nationwide.
To learn more about what this plan covers and what it costs, see your Ford Dealer.

The option that could pay for itself.

Ford EXTENDED SERVICE PLAN

of us, a little fear—that we would catch a monster, but we had stopped anticipating a mad assault by a maniac muskie at the end of every cast. We did, however, try to make certain that every time we went out in a boat, even to fish for walleyes, we had a log, club or small bat along. This was standard muskie-fishing gear for battering a big fish senseless before it could get in the boat and batter you senseless.

Actually, this precaution wasn't all that ludicrous. An anti-muskie weapon was *de rigueur*, and many people even carried pistols to shoot any outsized muskie that came near the boat. Indeed, the mystique of muskie fishing in the early 20th century was such that shooting them before boating them became a standard part of the thrill and theater of the sport. Brian Long, a young guide from Glidden, Wis., tells of the days when his grandfather took out parties of "swells" who traveled from Chicago to northern Wisconsin by train years ago. "Muskie fishing was like a big-game safari to them," says Long, "and the guides always added some extra excitement by shooting every big fish with a pistol. You'd get the fish by the boat and fire one shot in its head—the *coup de grâce*. To the swells from Chicago, it seemed as if they had just been involved in a fight with a ferocious jungle beast. It was good for business."

It wasn't all that good for fishermen, however. A few years ago, the Wisconsin legislature outlawed pistols in boats because too many excited muskie fishermen had fired too wildly too often—putting holes in their own boats or frightening people on shore by peppering lakeside cabins with stray bullets.

In the summer of '44 pistols were still O.K., and my family was not without its own mini-arsenal. Uncle Bill had a gleaming black .38 in a beautiful leather holster. There was also a much tackier gun that was introduced by two uncles, Arnold and Ted, who spent less time at the cabin than most other members of the family. Uncle Arnold was a partner, with Uncle Bill, in his men's clothing store and was not a particularly fanatical fisherman. Uncle Ted worked on the family farm and could rarely get away in the summer.

However, they did come to Clam Lake in August of 1944 (before the tobacco harvest, when things were quiet on the farm), and Uncle Arnold brought along an old .32 that had been kept in the men's clothing store for many years as protection against potential holdup men. It may never have been fired—no one knew or really cared. Given the family's luck with muskies in its first two summers at the cabin, it also seemed likely that the gun would never be fired at Clam Lake.

Though their arrival did not seem especially auspicious at the time, the appearance of Uncle Arnold the haberdasher and Uncle Ted the farmer was to mark the pinnacle of muskie fishing for the entire family—for all time. On Aug. 3, 1944, one of the first days the two brothers had ever even tried to catch muskies, they were casting steadily on Lower Clam Lake. It was a bright day, tranquil and relaxed, when wham! Let Uncle Ted tell about it, it was his fish:

"It was about 8:30 in the morning, and I was using a Muskie Monk. It was a black-and-white plug with bristly black fur on it, like a shaving brush, and I threw it way in to shore. It landed in about six inches of water and hit what I thought was a log. The log rolled over. There wasn't a jerk or any kind of a strike that I could feel, but the log disappeared and the line started racing back to the boat. The line was going slack at a furious rate. I reeled as fast as I could, but it kept getting slacker and slacker. Finally, the line passed right under the boat, and on the other side, the fish broke water. I yelled. Arnold had been trying to pull the anchor up. The line was under the boat, but the fish reversed its course, and now the line was sort of around the end of the boat, too. Arnold had the anchor up by then and had got the boat turned right with the oars. The fish seemed to play himself out all of a sudden. I reeled up the slack and the fish looked tired.

"Arnold picked up the pistol. I hollered at him, 'Don't shoot! They'll say I never caught him!' Arnold didn't want to fire the pistol anyway. He was afraid it would backfire and blow up in his hand. So he put down the pistol and took an oar and hit the muskie on the head. Wouldn't you know? That oar made the neatest little hole in the fish's head, just like a bullet."

Bullet hole or no, this was a keeper, all right—a *lunker*. In Wisconsin a muskie has to be 30 inches long or it must be thrown back. That one measured 43 inches by 23½ pounds! Uncle Ted and Uncle Arnold hauled it into the boat. The muskie was apparently unconscious from being hit, and Uncle Ted held it up to take a good long proud look, when "He gave a little shake, and, my God, he dropped loose off the line into the bottom of the boat! I had made my own leader that day, a copper-wire one I twisted up myself. The whole damn thing unraveled just when I held the fish up, and it fell off. Thank God he was too groggy to jump back in the lake!"

Uncle Ted's heroism was underlined a few moments later when the two brothers went ashore on the pier of a nearby resort, carrying the big muskie. A man saw them and came running to the dock, shouting over his shoulder, "Ma! Ma! Come look!" His wife, followed by four children, rushed out of a cabin and gathered in awe around Uncle Ted's big fish. The man asked apologetically if he might have his picture taken with the fish, and after Uncle Ted assured him it was all right, the man, holding the lunker, lined up next to his wife and children, and Uncle Arnold snapped the strangers, using their family Brownie.

But that wasn't the end. On Aug. 11, Uncle Arnold landed *another* honest-to-God keeper. This one, snagged on a pork-rind-baited Johnson minnow, a spoon usually used for bass or pike instead of muskies, stretched 34 inches long and weighed 12 pounds. It was the kind of fish that most veterans would glance at for a moment and then throw back into the lake. In fact, there is today an enlightened campaign being conducted by an organization called Muskies Inc. that urges muskie fishermen to throw back every specimen they catch except those they intend to mount as trophies.

This was no trophy, but Uncle Arnold wouldn't have given a moment's thought to not keeping his keeper. And neither of my uncles had his fish mounted. They just kept their muskies—for so long that after a few weeks, even on ice, the fish got "a little wrinkled" and had to be thrown away.

But two muskies in one week! There was reason for the family to gloat, to preen, to feel enormous confidence in its

ability to conquer the mighty muskie. Such confidence, however, was misplaced. We came to wonder, in the years that followed, if our bad luck was a special curse but this is not the case. We were far from alone in our failures.

In the ongoing battle—*Esox masquinongy immaculatus vs. Homo sapiens*—the odds are so lopsidedly long in favor of the fish that one might wonder what sort of man would even bother to enter the game. Marv Heeler says in a sad, flat voice, "No one should feel bad if he doesn't catch a muskie right away. I've known men who fished all their lives for muskies—20, 30 years for muskies—and never caught a keeper, poor devils. My own son is well into his 20s, and he has been fishing for muskies since he was a foot shorter than his fish pole. He has never, not once, caught a keeper. In the long run, I'd say there are more people fishing for muskies who have never caught one than people who have."

Ron Schara in *Muskie Mania* cites the case of one Ellen Ramsell of Blaine, Minn.: "It was on Sept. 1, 1974 that Mrs. Ramsell landed her first legal-sized muskellunge," Schara writes. "She will always remember it well. She had already fished a total of 20 days that year before she hooked the 13-pounder. But she had fished for 25 *years* before that, averaging 24 days a year, without bagging a keeper. By her own calculation—fishing 25 years for 24 days a year for eight hours a day—she had made at least 500,000 to 800,000 casts for a single legal muskie."

An isolated case? Perhaps. Yet there are few freshwater fish—perhaps none—as difficult to catch as the muskie. Some people call it the $10,000 fish because they figure an average cost of *$10,000* in equipment, travel, lodging and food for every keeper caught. Brian Long has kept records for two years of his fishing. "There are hot streaks and cold streaks, 10 days at a time without a keeper," he says. "On the average, I've found it takes 12 hours of hard fishing per legal muskie caught per boat. That's two people in the boat, casting constantly for a full day and a half."

A hardworking, aggressive muskie fisherman probably casts on the average of three times a minute, which is 180 an hour, which is slightly over 2,100 casts in a 12-hour period. But Long's average is based on two people per boat, which means it takes no fewer than 4,200 casts for every keeper muskie boated.

Long swears by that average, but Heeler, who does his guiding 100 miles farther east in Wisconsin, where lakes are more residential than they are around Hayward, says Long's ratio is too optimistic. Heeler says that his average cast-per-fish ratio is about double that of Long's—more than *8,000 casts per keeper*. And those are the averages of two profoundly seasoned and highly imaginative fishing guides—professional muskie hunters in every sense of the word. For a hack, who's throwing out his lures with far less knowledge of lake terrain, water temperature, seasonal conditions, etc., the number of casts per fish might climb to a figure perilously near infinity.

Much—much too much, perhaps—has already been written about the type of man who spends so much time in the vain pursuit of the muskie—cockeyed optimist crossed with stubborn Stoic is the usual diagnosis. But Neal Long, 55, father of Brian and an articulate and talented artist and fisherman who for 36 years has made his living as a taxidermist in Sayner, speaks to the subject with rare insight. "The muskie is Moby Dick," he says, "and anyone who fishes muskies very long becomes as driven as Captain Ahab. There is a maddening individuality about each muskie that is absolutely unpredictable. This makes the focus of a true muskie fisherman's mind different from that of other fishermen. He is after a specific fish, a personality—not a species. No other fish has quite that sense of self—not the king salmon, not even the trout. Only the muskie."

Through the 1940s and much of the 1950s, my family continued to fish for muskies. There was never anything like that dramatic week in 1944 when Uncle Ted and Uncle Arnold caught two, but the constant pounding of lures along shoreline went on for days on end during the vacations we spent at Clam Lake. Granted, it was rarely more than two or three summer weeks in a row that any one group of uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, grandparents or parents was actually fishing. But each summer the cabin was occupied by some family contingent almost every day—and that meant the boats were on the lakes and tackle was flashing for at least a few hours almost daily in the ongoing pursuit of a keeper muskie.

There were moments of hope. In 1948, my grandmother and grandfather were fishing for walleyes in Upper Clam Lake when suddenly a muskie flung itself up out of the water and soared across the rowboat, directly between them.

In 1951, my mother and my grandfather were trolling for walleyes when she hooked a powerful fish, obviously a muskie. Convinced that it would be foolhardy to bring such a monster into the boat with them, my grandfather rowed rapidly toward a nearby island in hope of beaching the beast. Near the shore he jumped, fully dressed, into water up to his waist and hauled the fish on my mother's line onto the beach. It was a muskie, all right, a mean and angry thing, but it was only 22 inches long. They had to release it.

In 1952, my father, a lifelong fisherman, though by no means a religious one, finally hooked his first muskie during a trip to the Chippewa Flowage with Uncle Bill and my grandfather. He recalls the scene: "I finally had a keeper, I was sure. We got it in the boat, but we didn't have a gaff or a club, so we hit it with a beer bottle." The fish was out cold, and as they gazed at it, they realized it was not an absolute lunker, though it was pretty big. My grandfather suggested they should measure it to make sure it was legal. My father confidently agreed, and they held the unconscious fish against a yardstick nailed to a boat seat. The first measurement came up 29½ inches. This couldn't be. That left it half an inch short of being a keeper. "*It seemed* bigger than that," my father says. "We turned it the other way around and pulled slightly at each end and measured again." The fish was 29½ inches long every time except one, when it was 29⅝.

There ensued a brief but heated discussion of the philosophy and morality of fishing. My grandfather was a strong-minded and notoriously honest tobacco farmer, and he led the debate. The result was that my father gently held his prized non-keeper in the water by the boat until it began to flutter weakly, then slowly righted itself and swam off, no worse for a beer-bottle blow to its bony forehead.

As the empty muskie years rolled by,

continued

our priorities were rearranged. For most of us, the relentless shore pounding abated and then stopped completely. However, my father and Uncle Bill kept on flinging muskie lures regularly for a couple of weeks each summer well into the 1960s. The sum of it all was, in the words of my father, that "The ones who fished the most caught the least." He and Uncle Bill certainly fished the most. Uncle Arnold, who had caught that keeper during the famous week of August '44, scarcely ever went fishing for muskies again. Uncle Ted caught only one other, smaller keeper, though he fished whenever he could get away. My grandfather never caught one but, wise man that he was, he hardly ever tried after he realized how phenomenally long the odds were. My Uncle Bill finally did catch one keeper in 1947 and another in the early 1960s—two, after 30-plus years of casting.

Whatever his success, or lack of it, Uncle Bill fished for muskies with a fervor that was eventually fed as much by anger as by the love of the sport. He had burning black-brown eyes, and a tireless, often humorless, approach to fishing. He was graceful and accurate with his casting rod, patient and hardworking in his quest for muskies, but he was occasionally foul-tempered and often sulked silently for an hour or more after he came in from the lake—skunked again. I suppose that if there were any logic to muskie fishing, Uncle Bill certainly would have been rewarded far more than he was. No one passed more hours in cold, damp boats than Uncle Bill, and no one spent more money on quality equipment than he. But both mathematics and justice seemed to be against him when it came to muskies. He lived into his 80s, and one felt he might have enjoyed a happier old age had he been blessed with a few more memories of boating big muskies. But he wasn't.

Nor was my father. He never even caught a keeper. He hasn't let the onus of living an entire life without a muskie spoil his perspective, but he has never been a man content to watch bread trucks unload, either. So, futile though it obviously was, he never really stopped trying to catch a muskie until he grew too old to spend more than an hour or two in a boat. Then he quit—empty-handed. However, our family did not entirely abandon the quest. Two years ago my 11-year-old son, Tom, and I fished Upper Clam Lake for muskies again. We started one morning when mist was rising from the surface, and we fished until the sun had risen high enough to burn off the mist and make the water glisten. Tom was casting a Mud Puppy, a gray plug shaped vaguely like an eight-inch whale with a gash of red in its throat. This lure was about 20 years older than Tom was, and it had traveled miles by air and water over the years, been flung toward shore tens of thousands of times, then reeled back, making its provocative weaving motions all the way to the boat. It had been bitten by muskies from time to time, but it had never hooked one. Now, the still, sunny water broke in a fluttering, tentative splash, and then a great swirl gurgled as the fish dived to the bottom. Tom cried in his soprano voice, "I got one!"

The muskie swam mightily toward shore. Tom's rod bent sharply and jerked savagely. He held it high to make the fish work against it. He began reeling in, and in no more than three minutes he had the fish at boatside. Amazingly calm and efficient in the face of this miracle, I scooped it into the boat with the landing net. It writhed angrily in the netting, and I fell backward over a seat, landing with my rear end in the open tackle box. I felt the hooks through my pants, and I began to laugh. So did Tom. We whooped and guffawed while the muskie flipped about in the net. There was some kind of generational justice to all this: my son had caught a muskie, and it was as if all the hours and days spent in vain pursuit by me and my father and my uncles and the rest of my family were suddenly justified. Happiness was rampant in that boat.

Then, of course, we had to measure the damned thing. It was short by two inches—28 inches long and a nice big fish by any standards but those applied to muskies. We threw it back and watched it swim away, flicking its tail in triumph.

Last summer Tom and I again went muskie fishing in northern Wisconsin. And we pounded the lakes ferociously. We hired guides, rented the finest equipment, fished at least eight hours a day for the better part of a week. We cast constantly, vigorously, as grim, determined and relentless as convicts breaking rocks. We cast some 4,500 times a day. We threw lures into deep water near submarine banks, among lily pads and lush weeds, into promising stands of partially submerged dead trees and next to tempting snags. We fished at dawn and at dusk, until after dark and through the noon hour, in drizzle and in baking sunshine. We didn't catch a thing.

On the last day, we came close. It was on Little Arbor Vitae Lake near Sayner. I retrieved a bucktail, swished it in the prescribed figure eight at boatside and watched with growing excitement as a sinister brown shape—a muskie at least three feet long—rose by the lure. I gently moved the bucktail again. The spoon flashed, and the big fish hit as I watched. I set the hooks with a firm yank, and the fish turned, slightly bewildered, swam across the line and dived for the bottom. I pulled again to set the hooks more firmly, and my line came up limp—hanging empty in the air. It had apparently been cut on the muskie's sharp gill cover or jawbones. The fish was gone, the lure still hooked in its mouth as it rushed away to safety.

Again we had nothing to show for our work. *Esox masquinongy immaculatus* trounces *Homo sapiens* once more. We returned to the family cabin on Upper Clam Lake. It had been 37 years since our family started coming here. Thirty-seven years! Only God knows how many eager and expectant casts we made for muskies in those years. Possibly a million? Could that be? A million? It hardly seems that it could be less when each six-hour day of casting might represent some 1,000 casts per man—to say nothing of casts per dream-filled boy.

Whatever the total, the return was small, infinitesimal, microscopic. *Five keepers in 37 years!* And there would be no more—that would be the final tally out of the cabin on Upper Clam Lake.

The family had decided to sell the place. Everyone still alive from the original crowd that came in '42 was either too old or lived too far away to use it often enough. As we left the cabin for the last time, Tom and I drove to the grocery store in Clam Lake village. We waited outside the store for a while. Then I went in and asked the proprietor a question. I should have known. Our luck hadn't changed: the bread truck had already come and gone. **END**

Get a jump on good health.

(A HEALTHFUL REMINDER FROM OCCIDENTAL LIFE.)



We're Occidental Life, one of America's leading life insurance companies But we're running this ad to sell you on a different kind of insurance

It's called exercise And combined with an Occidental Life policy, it'll give you the best protection you can get for you and your family's future

A healthy offer.

As a life insurance company we naturally have a selfish interest in prolonging your life So we're offering a free booklet called "Exercise Your Right to Live" It's an activity outline that discusses exercise and physical fitness in general

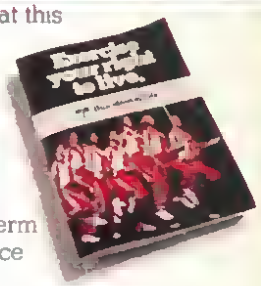




It's written by two leading experts in exercise and sports medicine, Dr Robert Kerlan and Dr Frank Jobe, along with their professional associates at the National Athletic Health Institute* (NAHI)



To get your copy, simply write us at this address Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, P O Box 15096, Los Angeles, California 90015



Jump on the bandwagon.

We're the pioneer in developing term insurance, the most affordable insurance for the first time buyer

And our agents are professionals who can continue to provide you with the right policy at the right time all during your life Whether it be a personal, group or business-related insurance policy from Occidental, or a pension plan from Transamerica Life Insurance and Annuity Company

Occidental Life encourages you to get started on something that's good for you If you're like most people the results will have you jumping for joy

We want you with us.

*Occidental Life thanks NAHI for their help in this project This ad, however should not be taken as an endorsement by NAHI of Occidental Life

Occidental Life
A Transamerica Company

NOSTALGIA

by RALPH GRAVES

SEE GOOSE GOSLIN RUN. RUN, GOOSE, RUN. OH, NO, YOU'RE OUT, GOOSE, OUT

Almost every child learns to read on a diet of simple sentences. The nouns are Dick, Jane and Spot. The verbs are run, walk, hit. The first verbs I learned, indeed, were run, walk and hit, but the nouns were more complicated: Goslin, Cronin, Bluege (the good guys) and Gehrig, Combs, Lazzeri (the bad guys). I may have learned to read more slowly than most kids, but I faced a greater challenge.

It was not, however, more fun. The subject of my earliest reading lessons was the day-to-day travails of the Washington Nats (also Senators) during the 1928 and 1929 baseball seasons. This did not give a 4-year-old boy an optimistic view of life. In the first year of my education, my heroes finished 26 games out of first place. In the second year, they finished 34 games out. Other boys' heroes—Tarzan, Robin Hood, Buck Rogers—provided a constant parade of victories, but the only time mine ever won a World Series was in 1924, two weeks before I was born. From there, it was downhill through swamp and jungle, dismal childhood reading but splendid early training in learning to live with adversity.



My father certainly meant well. He was convinced that schools waited far too long to teach children to read, so he decided to teach me himself. Because he was a baseball fan and we lived in Washington, it seemed obvious that I should learn by reading about baseball. In those days all games were played in the afternoon, usually in less than two hours. They ended in plenty of time for *The Evening Star* to print a play-by-play account on the front page of its late afternoon edition, which my father always brought home from work, having avoided reading the account of the Nats' game en route.

He would lie down on the couch and close his eyes, perhaps in preparation for what he was going to hear about his favorite team. I would spread the paper on the floor and read the play-by-play aloud to him. This may sound like a difficult task for a boy who had not yet started school, but it was really quite simple, at least during Washington's half innings. A typical Nats first inning went like this: *Rice fanned. Bluege fouled out. Goslin popped to short. No runs.* By comparison, the activities of Dick, Jane and Spot made for rich literature. Once I had learned to recognize the players' names, I could read the chronicle of disaster quite smoothly. Every now and then the Nats' flow of misery would be interrupted by a single or even a double, but this was swiftly corrected by a double play or a pickoff. Nothing to it, really.

But when the opposing team was at bat, reading became more arduous. Not only were the players' names less familiar, requiring me to spell them aloud to my father, but the action also grew hectic. Now one had to face complexities: *Combs tripled to right centerfield, and when Flagstead threw wildly to third, Combs scored on the error.* A sentence like that would be read haltingly, while my father groaned softly at Flagstead's perfidy. Or take this sequence, straight out of Poe: *Gehrig homered over the rightfield barrier, scoring Bengough, Lazzeri and Ruth ahead of him. Burke replaced Marberry on the mound for the Nats.* Bob Burke! Too late again. Firpo Marberry had already been cut to pieces.

Sometimes, around the sixth or seventh inning of a particularly bloody game, my father would rise from the couch and announce, in a stricken voice, that while I was reading very well, he thought he had better get ready for dinner. I was never fooled—a Washington fan, no matter how young, quickly became sensitive to distress. But even after he left the room, I always read on to the end, whispering the terrible words to myself: struck out, lined out, flied out, grounded out. If you followed the Nats, out was a word you really got to know.

In my later seasons of reading to my father, *The Evening Star* developed a more elaborate way of summing up each inning. Instead of merely saying no runs or two runs, it furnished a full report: One run, three hits, one error. This gave my father and me a little comfort, because even though the Nats often did not score in an inning, they frequently got a hit or two, and we could hope that the next inning would be better. Perhaps Washington was getting to the other pitcher. But then the play-by-play reporter thought up a fiendish shortcut so that he would not have to type No runs, no hits, no errors. At the end of such an inning he wrote the implacable words. Nothing across.

By this time I was reading fluently, but when I first encountered this phrase, I simply did not understand it. I asked my father, "What does 'nothing across' mean?"

A long silence from the couch. Should this little boy be told the sordid truth about life? Or should innocence be preserved a bit longer? My father was a teacher who believed that a child's curiosity should be encouraged, that questions should be answered so that an inquiring mind might grow. "Nothing across," he said in the quiet, solemn voice he had used to explain why my puppy died, "means that nothing happened anywhere. The Nats did absolutely nothing."

Nothing across. Yes, that made sense, that was the story of the Nats. In fact, it was the story of my entire educational experience up to that moment. Except that I had learned to read. And eventually I would discover that there were other kinds of stories, and that some of them even had happy endings. END


When your taste grows up,
Winston out-tastes them all.
Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobaccos
tastes this full and satisfying.
Winston after Winston.
Winston
FILTER CIGARETTER
FULL-RICH
TOBACCO FLAVOR
Winston
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



Photograph by Eric Schweikardt for Sports Illustrated

The shot heard round the world.

It was more than the Russians. It was the world's best hockey team. And in taking their measure, 20 young American men took away the world's collective breath.

Their stunning upset, and Olympic triumph, is what the world of sports is all about: transcendent, almost magical moments.

And this *is* what Sports Illustrated is all about: capturing and bringing those moments back alive so that they never end.

We do it, today, the way we've done it for the past 25 years.

Each and every week. So our coverage is as provocative and timely as the event.

And we do it in words and fast-close color photography created by a staff as dedicated as the competitors they cover.

It's a unique editorial challenge. We were the first to meet it. And even now, no one has come close to duplicating our success.

We attract 16 million readers advertisers want. Young readers. Intelligent readers. Readers with money to spend.

We attract them because some of the biggest news in the world each week is in the world of sports. And 1980 is no exception.

(It's already a record-breaking year for us, with first quarter ad revenues up 41%*.)

Sports Illustrated's news. It's some of the biggest news in the world each week. And bringing it back alive has made us America's Sports Newsweekly.

Sports Illustrated

America's Sports Newsweekly.
16 million readers buy what's in it.



1980 Time Inc. All rights reserved
*Publisher's estimate

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 28-May 4

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

PRO BASKETSALL—Los Angeles, paced by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's 33 points and 14 rebounds, beat Philadelphia *109–102 in Game 1* of the NBA's *final playoff* round in Los Angeles The Lakers advanced to the championship series by beating Seattle 111–105 for the Western Conference title

GOLF—CURTIS STRANGE defeated Lee Trevino on the first extra hole to win the $350,000 Houston Open Both players finished the regulation 72 holes at 18 under par

Hollis Stacy defeated Amy Alcott on the first hole of a playoff to win the $100,000 LPGA tournament at Hilton Head, S C Both players completed the regulation 72 holes at 9 under par

HOCKEY—Philadelphia defeated Minnesota 5–3 in Bloomington, Minn to take a 2–1 lead in their best-of-seven National Hockey League semifinal series Left Wing Bill Barber scored four goals to pace the Flyers The teams split Games 1 and 2 of the series in Philadelphia, the North Stars winning the opener 6–5 as Steve Christoff a hero on the U S Olympic team at Lake Placid had two goals to establish a record for playoff goals by a rookie (8) The Flyers recovered to win the second 7–0. Though Philadelphia had the league's least productive power play during the regular season, four of the Flyers' first five goals were scored when the North Stars were down a man Aftet not playing for neatly three weeks, Flyer Goalie Phil Myre returned to stop 27 Minnesota shots In tbe other semifinal, the Islanders took a 3–0 lead over Buffalo winning by scores of 4–1, 2–1 and 7–4 (*page 52*)

HORSE RACING—GENUINE RISK ($28 60), ridden by Jacinto Vasquez, won the $339 300 Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs by a length over Rumbo, to become the first filly in 65 years to win the event The 3-year-old was timed in 2 02 over the 1¼ miles (*page 14*)

BOLD 'N DETERMINED ($3.20), Eddie Delahoussaye up, won the $129,100 Kentucky Oaks for fillies at Churchill Downs by 1½ lengths over Mitey Lively The 3-year-old ran the mile and ⅛th in 1 44⅘

MOTOR SPORTS—Buddy Baker, averaging 170 481 mph in an Oldsmobile, won NASCAR's $315 000 500-mile race at Talladega, Ala by three feet over Dale Earnhardt, also in an Oldsmobile

DIDIER PIRONI averaged 115 83 mph in his Ligier to win the Belgian Grand Prix in Zolder over Alan Jones.

POWERLIFTING—JAN TODD of Opelika, Ala established a women's world record in the squat of 507 *pounds*, at the National Women's Championships in Lowell, Mass She also won the individual heavyweight title with a total of 1,157½ pounds

ROAD RACING—HERB LINDSAY of Boulder, Colo won the 15-kilometer (9 3 miles) Midland Run at Far Hills, N J in 43 54 Patti Lyons of Roxbury, the first female finisher, ran at 51 50 (*page 22*)

SOCCER—NASL Seattle rode the stingy goalkeeping of Jack Brand to two more victories and a 22-point advantage over Los Angeles in the National Conference Western Division Brand got his sixth shutout in seven games and Roger Davies had two goals and an assist as the Sounders beat San Jose 4–0 Earlier, Bmnd made David Nish's goal at 14 02 stand up as the Sounders defeated Portland 1–0 Not even the return of Forward George Best, who joined the Earthquake lineup two and one half months after recoveting from yet another bout with the bottle, could save San Jose from another winless week Besides the loss to Seattle, the Earthquakes fell 3–2 to San Diego when Leonardo Cuellar scored for the Sockers with three minutes ramaining, and to Edmonton 4–2 Tulsa defeated Los Angeles 1–0 on a goal by Alan Woodward and retained a six-point lead in tbe ASC Central. Minnesota got its first victory, 2–1 over Atlanta, on a goal by Ricardo Alonso at 79 25 Toronto split a pair of games, beating Washington 1–0 to move within two points of the second-place Diplomats in the NSC East, and then losing 3–2 to New England before 4 264 fans in the Tea Men's 61,279-seat Schaefet Stadium That was a healthy throng compared to the 254 fans the smallest group ever to witness an NASL game, who saw New England win 3–1 at home against Memphis The New England management was so grateful to the few fans who bmved 40° tempemtures and driving rains that it rewarded each one with a season ticket Philadelphia won its first game, 1–0 over Chicago but the Sting bounced back to defeat Vancouvet 2–1 in a shootout ASC Central leader Memphis beat San Diego, the ASC West leader, 1–0 on Paul Cannell's goal at 77 37, Tampa Bay defeated Portland by the same scote

ASL Sacramento took a one-point lead over Golden Gate in the American Conference by defeating the Gales 1–0 on Malcom Filby's goal at 35 00 Eatlier in the week Golden Gate got two goals from Mal Roche, including the game winner on a penalty kick three minutes into overtime, to beat California 3–2 Columbus split a pair of games and retained its 11-point lead over New York in the National Conference The Magic beat Cleveland 2–1, with George Dewship getting a goal and an assist Cleveland had to play without Goalie Marine Cano and Defender Joe Howarth, who suffered severe cuts and bruises in a traffic accident en route to the game Both men were in action, however, in the Cobras' next game Not so lucky was Columbus Forward Bob Rohrbach Rohrbach is in serious condition in a Columbus hospital, having collided with Cleveland's Alex Rosul and sustaining a concussion that kept him in intensive care for three days Miami got its first points in a 1–1 tie with Cleveland Cleveland also lost 1–0 to Pennsylvania, the Stoners' Paulo DaSilva booming in the game winner from 25 yards out with three minutes to play

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated John McEntoe 2–6 7–6 6–1, 6–2 to win the $250 000 World Championship of Tennis tournament in Dallas (*page 57*)

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated Tracy Austin *6–2 6–4 to win the $200,000 Sunbird Cup tournament* in Cypress Gardens Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—RUTH FUCHS of East Germany broke her own world record in the women's javelin with a throw of 229' 6½" in Split, Yugoslavia

MILEPOSTS—DISQUALIFIED By the Boston Athletic Association, ROSIE RUIZ, 26, who claimed to have won the women's division of the April 21 Boston Marathon with a time of 2 31 56 Officials said that a review of mce films and checkers' records failed to indicate that Ruiz had been in the mce at any time until just before the finish. JACQUELINE GAREAU, 30, who crossed the finish line with a time of 2 34 28, was declared the women's winner

DIED JOHN CHAPMAN, 51, one of the nation's leading harness racing drivers of a heart attack in Westbury, N Y Chapman won mote than 3,900 races worth more than $20 million in 33 years He was inducted into the harness racing Hall of Fame last year

CREDITS

6—Evalyn Floret **14,15**—William Strode **16,17**—Heinz Kluetmaier (left) Barton Silverman (2) **18**—Heinz Kluetmeier **19**—Jarry Cooke (top) Barton Silverman **22**—George Tiedamann **23**—Manny Millan **24**—Manny Millan (top) George Tiedamann **29**—Peter Read Miller **30,31**—Andy Keach **32**—Dick Raphael **45**—courtesy KCET Los Angalas **46**—Wil Blancha **62,64**—Dan Baliotti **67,68**—Walter looss Jr

FACES IN THE CROWD





JIM SCHERR and **BILL SCHERR**
MOBRIDGE, S DAK

Jim and Bill, 18-year-old identical twins, led the Mobridge High wrestling team to a 14–1 record and its first state Class B championship Competing in the 185-pound division, Bill had a 29–0 record, including a victory in the Class B title match He won the Class A championship in 1979. Jim, 28–1 for the Tigers this season, was the 167-pound Class B titlist In leading Mobridge to a 40–11 record over four seasons, the Scherrs had a combined 188–31 record in dual-meet competition



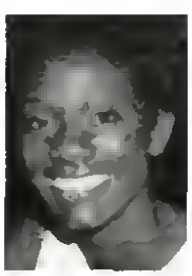
DENNIS GREEN
IDALOU, TEXAS

Dennis, a senior at Idalou High, high-jumped 7' 1½"—only ¼ of an inch short of the state high school record set in 1978—at a meet in San Angelo, Texas A tight end, he will attend West Texas State on a football and track scholarship



STEVE EOEN
CEDAR RAPIDS IOWA

Eden, 26, a painting contractor, won the Golden Gloves 178-pound national boxing title at Shreveport, La., scoring two first-round knockouts and three unanimous decisions. He has captured seven state AAU and Golden Gloves titles





REGINA MILLER and **SHIRLEEN JACOBS**
PARKTON N C

Regina, 17, and Shirleen 18, senior co-captains of the Parkton High basketball team, paced the Brunettes to a 28–0 record and the state girls' 1-A championship. Miller, a guard, had 22 5 points, 12.0 rebounds and 4 0 assists per game, while Jacobs, a forward, averaged 14 2 points, 8 0 rebounds and 4 0 assists In the state title game, a 59–58 victory over Princeton, Miller scored 24 points, including the game-winning free throw with no time left, and Jacobs led the team with 26

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

MATCHUPS

Sir

Thank you for the brilliant cover photograph of Dr. J and Larry Bird (April 28). They are perhaps the best forwards ever to play the game. Each is great in his own way. You couldn't ask for a better scorer and team player—a rare combination—than Larry Bird and I don't think anyone in the game has or had more natural ability than Julius Erving.

Whom would a coach pick if he could have only one of them? I wouldn't be able to decide. This matchup really gave fans a lot to cheer about.

BOB BRIDGEMAN
Camden, N.J.

Sir

The beauty of a Larry Bird jump shot over the outstretched hand of should-be MVP Julius Erving makes your April 28 cover the best I've seen on any magazine.

ED RUTKOWSKI
Auburn, N.Y.

Sir

Finally you decided to put the game's best player on the cover, but you blew it. The Doctor plays even better at the other end of the court.

DAVID SYMMES
Indianapolis

Sir

In regard to your article on the Bucks-SuperSonics playoff series (*Super Series to the Sonics*, April 28), I am surprised and upset that Sidney Moncrief, Milwaukee's unsung rookie, was left out. In the second game of the series he scored 16 points, six of them in overtime, to lift the Bucks to victory.

Moncrief didn't get the kind of recognition accorded this season to other rookies like Larry Bird, Earvin Johnson and Bill Cartwright, but surely he deserved it.

TIM BURNS
Shreveport, La.

Sir

I assure you that the title of the Bucks' theme song, *Green and Growing*, in no way describes "some type of fungus." It describes a young, talented and exciting NBA team. The seven-game thriller against the Sonics proved to all that, with a break here or there, the Bucks are as good as the defending NBA champs.

PATRICK BURKE
Grafton, Wis.

DREAM TOUR

Sir:

Daniel Okrent's baseball adventure (*26 Teams in 13 Days*, April 28) is every fan's dream. My congratulations to him, and thanks to you for printing his story. In 1977 my brother and I saw a game in each of the 26 major league parks in 31 days. Unlike Okrent, we drove across the country, from stadium to stadium. 26 games, 26 ball parks, 31 days and 14,000 miles.

CARL CLICK
Vancouver, Wash.

Sir

Daniel Okrent captured the hold baseball has on America, especially when he told of walking into a park during batting practice and hearing the sound of bat meeting baseball. I almost enjoy that pregame ritual more than the game itself. The sounds of batting practice are one of the game's great attractions.

RICHARD P. HENNIG
Milwaukee

Sir

Congratulations to Daniel Okrent, and to Sandy Huffaker for his cartoons. They depicted the fans to a T—especially Chicago Cubs rooters, who are truly devoted to their team.

MARTY O'BRIEN
Rockford, Ill.

Sir

I demand an apology from Daniel Okrent for referring to the New York Mets as a "charmless excuse for a ball club." Why malign the Mets? A nicer young ball team is hard to find. So what if they lose all the time? Is winning everything? They're ours and they try hard. And there's magic, as the team's new ads say, if you look hard enough and believe. And we love them.

As for stadiums, despite the roar of jets overhead, I'll take Shea over one of those AstroTurfed abominations with hyperactive scoreboards and guys in chicken costumes.

But Okrent wouldn't understand any of this. Why should he? He's not a Met fan. It's too bad. If there were more Met fans in the world, we wouldn't be in the mess we're in now. Try a little believing.

HEATHER HENDERSON
New York City

LONE STAR HOPES

Sir

Your April 21 issue could have been called TEXAS SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The excellent stories on the Astros (*A Whiff of Spring in Houston*) and Al (Scoop) Oliver of the Rangers (*You Don't Know Me, Says Al*) show that we're well on the way to a rootin'-tootin', high-flyin' all-Texas World Series. Yee-ah!

EARL SCHELER
Lott, Texas

Sir:

You are to be commended on Steve Wulf's fine article on Al Oliver. However, the baseball writers on the national scene need not feel too guilty about their failure to extoll Oliver's wealth of talent, because, as I recall, even the media in his hometown of Portsmouth, Ohio have always given him back-page coverage. Oliver must not make as good a story as the other local stars. Those heroes—Larry Hisle, Don Gullett and Gene Tenace—have all had ups and downs in their careers. Al Oliver has had only ups.

JEFF BURKHOLDER
Columbus, Ohio

Sir

Al Oliver underrated? Not in my house. I have two Oliver pages in my scrapbook, all of his baseball cards and an Oliver poster—and an Oliver poster is hard to find. He is one great player.

DAVID LASDON
Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

ROSIE'S RUN

Sir

I went out too fast in this year's Boston Marathon and, judging from the splits in Kenny Moore's article (*Mastery and Mystery*, April 28), I was imprudently three-quarters of a mile ahead of the leading women runners by the halfway point in Wellesley. By 20 miles I was cooked, and as I jogged and walked to the finish, one by one the top women, most of whom I know, passed me. Jacqueline Gareau had a slender lead over Patti Lyons, with the third woman out of contention. I never saw Rosie Ruiz, except later on television.

I am not certain whether Ruiz deserves our contempt or our pity. But I do not entirely absolve officials of the sponsoring Boston Athletic Association of blame. They thrust the laurel wreath on the head of Ruiz too rapidly. Last year Oscar Miranda of Tampa temporarily "won" the masters division by reportedly pulling a jump-from-the-crowd stunt. The BAA had an entire year to figure out how to deal with impostors and failed to do so.

A Chicago TV weatherman once claimed to have an "assistant in charge of looking out the window," so he would not miss the obvious. Maybe the BAA should appoint someone in charge of looking down the course.

HAL HIGDON
Michigan City, Ind.

Sir:

The Boston Marathon officials got exactly what they deserved—a fiasco! Whether or not Rosie Ruiz ran the whole race, the point is: women marathoners are *still* being ignored. The officials in Boston have made little progress since the days when they used to pull the numbers off the women's backs to keep

continued

INTRODUCING THE SUPER CAMERA FROM PENTAX.

DESTINED TO BE USED BY THE MOST EXPERIENCED PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE WORLD. AND THE LEAST.

If you're the type who's never taken a decent picture in your life, the new ME Super is for you.

And if you consider yourself to be a pretty experienced photographer, the ME Super is sophisticated enough for you too. Let's take a look.

SUPER SMALL, SUPER LIGHT.

To start with, the Super Camera weighs only 15.7 ounces. That's lighter than most other automatic 35mm SLRs today. And it's smaller too. And that's truly amazing when you consider all the electronics inside the Super Camera that make photography simpler and more automatic.

SUPER AUTOMATIC.

The Super Camera is completely automatic. About all you do is focus and shoot. It represents the latest, most advanced technology in 35mm SLR automation. It should, it's from Pentax, the automatic camera people.

SUPER ELECTRONIC.

The Pentax Super Camera features a system of LEDs in the viewfinder. These tell you practically *everything* you need to know in order to take great pictures. They tell you when it's okay to shoot, when you need more light, when to use a flash, when to use a tripod, and much more.

SUPER FAST.

The Super Camera has a top shutter speed of 1/2000 of a second. No other 35mm camera has a faster shutter speed.

SUPER CONTROL.

With the Super Camera, Pentax is introducing a feature known as ElectroTouch™ push-button override. What it is, is two push buttons that control the shutter speed electronically. You use ElectroTouch™ override in special situations where you want to control the shutter speed of the camera yourself, like most professional photographers usually do for that extra creative touch.

You can even take full exposure meter readings quickly and easily, even when the camera is not set on automatic.

SUPER VALUE.

If you're wondering what the price of the new Super Camera is, you'll be happy to know it's the only thing about the camera that isn't superlative.

In fact, the Super Camera is priced right alongside all the other automatic cameras in the store that aren't as super.

See one at your dealer today and you'll probably come to the conclusion that the value we've engineered into the new Super Camera may be its most important innovation.



THE SUPER CAMERA FROM PENTAX®

© 1980 Pentax Corporation. All rights reserved. For more information, write Pentax ME Super, 35 Inverness Drive East, Englewood, Colorado 80112.

FROM SKINNY LOSER TO BIG WINNER GET YOUR UNBEATABLE BODY

If being skinny due to poor eating habits has made you a loser, start winning with WATE-ON. Let WATE-ON's extra calories help fill out, shape your entire body. Vitamins, minerals, energy nutrients, too. Users report gains of 5-10-15 pounds and more. So does it be skinny. Win with WATE-ON or extra strong Super WATE-ON Liquid, tablets, tonic or shake. At drug stores everywhere. For a free guide to successful weight-gaining write WATE-ON, Dept. W05261500 Brook Drive, Downers Grove, IL 60515



Wate-On®

There's always a tomorrow with trees



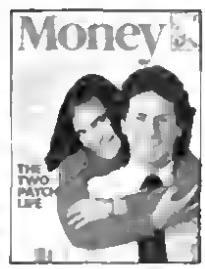
TREE CITY USA

DOES YOUR TOWN MEET THE TREE CITY USA STANDARDS?

For details of the TREE CITY USA program write The National Arbor Day Foundation Arbor Lodge 100 Nebraska City, Nebraska 68410

GET A LOT OF OUR MONEY FOR JUST A LITTLE OF YOURS.





Would you invest $17.95 to learn how to spot housing bargains in good neighborhoods, find out what new cars cost dealers and what you should pay, discover the package routs you can trust, the pleasures and perils of owning your own business, what IRS auditors look for, which careers look best (and worst) for the 1980s, how to invest in antiques, paintings, stamps, collectibles?

Then MONEY Magazine is for you. That $17.95 pays for a whole year's worth—12 big issues that would cost $21 at the cover price. To subscribe just call the toll-free number below. Or write MONEY, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

800-621-8200
(in Illinois, 800-972-8302)
Call Toll-Free Today to Enter Your MONEY Subscription.

M51760

them from running. Today they let them run and just pretend they aren't there!

I have a feeling that, in the future, marathon officials, in Boston and elsewhere, will make it a point to monitor the front-running *women* as well as the men. Phenom or fraud, Rosie has at least contributed that much to the sport.

ROBERT E. CAIN
San Diego

Sir:

Hats off to Rosie Ruiz for making the Boston Marathon something it has never been before—interesting.

THE REV. LOUIS E. LOTZ, D.D.
The First Reformed Church
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

The otherwise excellent story on the Boston Marathon by Kenny Moore was marred by the omission of what was the most amazing performance in that race: a double amputee from here in Orem named Curt Brinkman rolled over the finish line in 1:55, "beating" the marvelous Bill Rodgers by more than 17 minutes.

Brinkman is the first wheelchair athlete to "beat" the runners in a marathon, and his remarkable time knocked a total of 39 minutes off the previous wheelchair record set in 1978. Surely a performance that lowers a marathon mark by more than 25% deserves mention.

JAMES R. MOSS
Orem, Utah

HOLMAN'S ANTICS

Sir:

Thanks to Herman Weiskopf for the article on pro bowler Marshall Holman (*Too Bold To Cut the Mustard?* April 21). Holman may be "the perfect hot dog," but he certainly has the talent to back up his act.

Your three pictures sum up Holman as perhaps no number of words could. In a game that requires tremendous concentration, Marshall's release of emotions only helps to sharpen that concentration. The results are impressive—a 217 average and $100,000.

Mark Roth and Earl Anthony were the two top bowlers of the 1970s. Marshall Holman will be the No. 1 bowler of the 1980s. I, for one, will be rooting for him all the way.

JEFF STAUDINGER
East Millstone, N.J.

Sir:

I have known Marshall Holman since he was 16 years old, and he is now the best bowler in the world. His antics may offend some people, but if those people don't take the time to get to know Holman, that's their misfortune. I was on the tour when he won his first tournament—he beat Carmen Salvino in Fresno—and, believe me, without people like Holman, the tour would be a drag. As for those pros who "hate his guts," that's because they can't beat him.

STEVE ADLEMAN
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

In your April 14 TV/RADIO column on bowling announcer Nelson (Bo) Burton Jr., Stan Isaacs stated that the ratings were up for the Pro Bowlers Tour. Could this rise be attributed in part to the exuberant style and look that Marshall Holman has given to the tour? I think so. On a recent telecast, I recall seeing the usually tranquil Earl Anthony show some emotion as he threw a clutch strike late in a game. The tour needs more personalities like Holman.

TOM FRAZER
Greenville, Ohio

Sir:

Stan Isaacs was correct in pointing out that my favorite sports announcer, Nelson (Bo) Burton Jr., has junked the time-honored bowling term "gutter" for the sanitized "channel." However, SI missed the mark on the title of the report. *The Bowling Tour Is Rolling Down the Right Alley.* Along with his ABC cohorts, Chris Schenkel and Dave Diles, Bo has discarded the time-honored word "alley" for the un-trashy "lane."

By the way, I was disappointed when Johnny Petraglia got only three measly lines in FOR THE RECORD (April 7) for winning the $100,000 PBA national championship. You didn't even mention the fact that, in winning that tournament, Petraglia also won the third jewel in bowling's Triple Crown—only the second man ever to pull off that feat!

MRS. WILLIAM J. ELLERMAN
Cincinnati

JOETTA'S SCHOOL

Sir:

Thank you for Craig Neff's article on half-miler Joetta Clark (*She Chose the Road to Adventure,* April 28). All of us here in the Maplewood-South Orange (N.J.) area are proud of her, and know she'll win a gold medal in 1984.

I must comment, however, on Neff's assessment of Joetta's school, Columbia High, "a middle-class public school known for academic rather than athletic excellence." Lest your readers get the wrong idea, let me offer some facts about Columbia athletics. The girls' volleyball team has won 49 consecutive matches since its inception four years ago and is currently ranked No. 1 in the state. As of this writing, the boys' lacrosse team has a winning streak of 23 games and is No. 1 in New Jersey; the boys' soccer team has just won its second straight state championship with a record of 24-1, and the baseball team is 9-1 and ranked third in the state. As for tradition, Columbia may have been the first high school in the U.S. to have an indoor swimming pool, it being installed in 1936.

DAVID PRYBYS
South Orange, N.J.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND • 80 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO. N.Y.C.



Right to the finish, its Canadian spirit stands out from the ordinary. What keeps the flavor coming? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's where you'd like to head, set *your course* for Lord Calvert Canadian.

The unique spirit of Canada: We bottled it.

Introducing Cambridge Box:

The lowest tar ever.



Discover Cambridge contentment. The very special satisfaction of knowing that with Cambridge Box you're getting the lowest tar cigarette ever made, yet still enjoying the unique pleasures of smoking.

Cambridge

Box: Less than 0.1 mg tar.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1980

Box: Less than 0.5 mg "tar," 0.01 mg nicotine—Soft Pack: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—100's: 4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Also available in ultra low 1 mg Soft Pack, 4 mg 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.